

5 cents

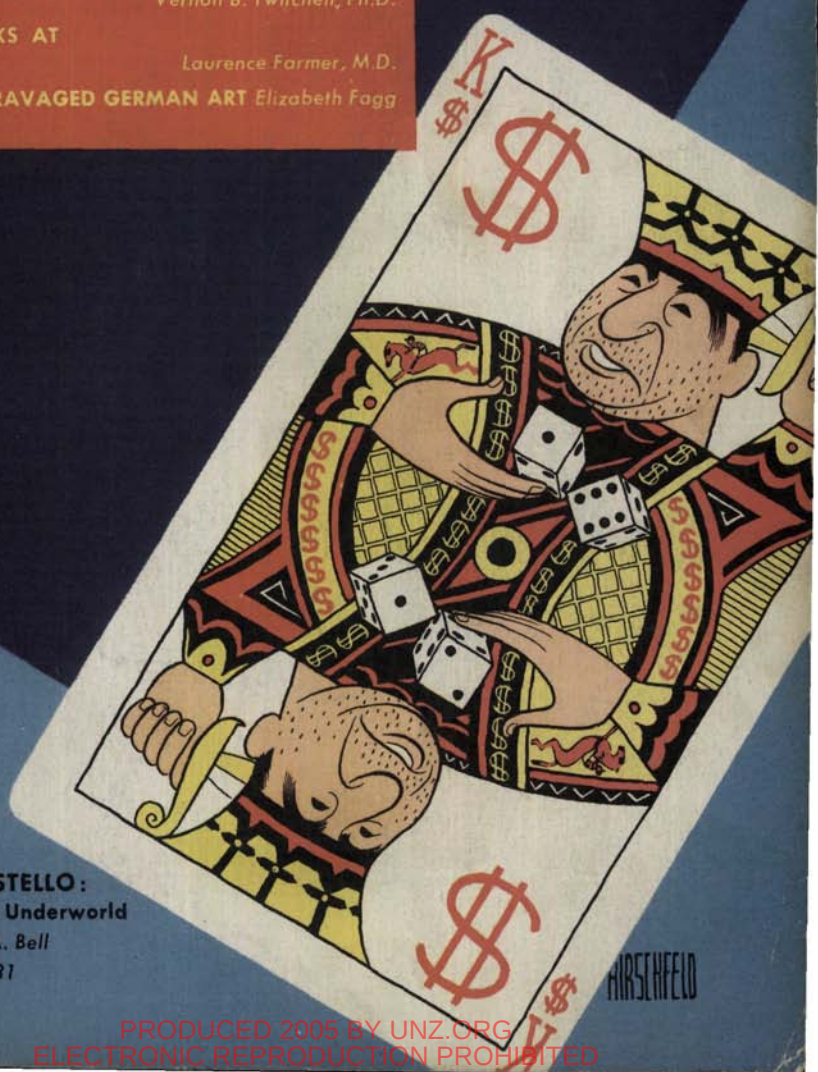
August 1950

SHAKER HEIGHTS PUBLIC LIBRARY
3486 Lee Road Cleveland 20, Ohio

STACK

The American Mercury

- REVOLUTION IN WALL STREET *Harold Fleming*
PSYCHOLOGIST LOOKS AT PSYCHOTHERAPY *Vernon B. Twitchell, Ph.D.*
PHYSICIAN LOOKS AT PSYCHOTHERAPY *Laurence Farmer, M.D.*
W THE SOVIETS RAVAGED GERMAN ART *Elizabeth Fagg*



FRANK COSTELLO:
Statesman of the Underworld
by James A. Bell
Page 131



Mercury Fiction...

While THE AMERICAN MERCURY generally prints only one short story a month—and occasionally none at all—it takes great pride in its fiction. So do our readers. So, indeed, does the writing world as a whole.

It is a mark of distinction for a writer to have his story accepted by THE MERCURY. It is a genuine experience for our readers to read it.

Is there, then, a special MERCURY type of story? There isn't. From the founding of the magazine there has been only one rule for fiction: it must appeal to intelligent, mature people, and it must be effectively written.

This simple rule has yielded some wonderful stories. Consider only a very few: "Convention," by Theodore Dreiser; "The Overcoat," by Sally Benson; "Death in the Woods," by Sherwood Anderson; "Absolution," by F. Scott Fitzgerald; "One Night at Coney," by Robert M. Coates; "Boom Town," by Thomas Wolfe; "The Wind is Blind," by James Wesley Ingles; "That Evening Sun Go Down," by William Faulkner; "The Last-Borned," by James McAdory.

There are several eminent names here, to be sure; but THE MERCURY printed most of them when the men and women who bear these names were virtually unknown. Many of them, in fact, were introduced to American readers in the pages of THE MERCURY.

THE MERCURY pioneers in its fiction as it does in all its other departments. In the vanguard in every field of quality periodical journalism, it addresses itself to people of taste and culture—which is why its readership is so unique and distinguished a group of men and women from all walks of life.

The American Mercury

with which is combined the magazine, COMMON SENSE

VOLUME LXXI

AUGUST 1950

NUMBER 320

Frank Costello: Statesman of the Underworld	James A. Bell	131
The Revolution in Wall Street	Harold Fleming	140
The Red, Red Love, <i>A Story</i>	Rita Liepa	148
THE SKEPTICS' CORNER	Bergen Evans	153
How the Soviets Ravaged German Art	Elizabeth Fagg	158
Love Song, <i>A Poem</i>	Elma Dean	165
A Psychologist Looks at Psychotherapy	Vernon B. Twitchell, Ph.D.	166
A Physician Looks at Psychotherapy	Laurence Farmer, M.D.	175
<i>Phrase Origins</i> — 66	Louis Jay Herman	180
The Cherry Sisters	Alan Hynd	181
The State of Delaware	William Hines	189
The Visitor, <i>A Poem</i>	Joseph Joel Keith	198
An OSS Agent Meets the Press		199
No Confidences Solicited, <i>A Poem</i>	Dorothy Brown Thompson	207
DOWN TO EARTH: The Flying Squirrel	Alan Devoe	208
Lloyd Stryker: Counsel for Defense	Jerome Spingarn	213
The Milwaukee <i>Journal</i>	Chet Vonier	226
We Could Eat Acorns and Weeds	James A. Tobey, Dr. P.H.	235
THE LIBRARY: An Oriental Views America	Charles Angoff	241
Tide of Lilac, <i>A Poem</i>	Frances Frost	245
THE CHECK LIST		246
THE OPEN FORUM		250
COVER (<i>Frank Costello</i>) by <i>Al Hirschfeld</i>		
DEPARTMENTAL DRAWINGS by <i>Hans Moller</i>		

Published monthly by The American Mercury, Inc., at 35 cents a copy. Annual subscription \$4.00 in U. S. and possessions, Canada and in the countries of the Pan American Union; \$5.00 in all other countries. Publication office, Concord, N. H. Editorial and General offices, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Printed in the U. S. A. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., September 29, 1936, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1950 by The American Mercury, Inc. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved. Protection secured under the International Copyright Convention and the Pan American Copyright Convention. No articles may be reprinted in whole or part without permission.

Lawrence E. Spivak, *Editor & Publisher*

Charles Angoff, *Managing Editor*

George Salter, *Art Director*; Martha Rountree, *Roving Editor*

Joseph W. Ferman, *General Manager*

The American Mercury for September

will contain, among other things

GENERAL COLLINS: CHIEF OF STAFF OF THE U. S. ARMY, by William Hines, Jr. *Here is the first comprehensive analysis of the career and personality of the professional head of the United States Army. A brilliant and colorful man, brilliantly and colorfully portrayed.*

WHO PROTECTS THE PATIENT? by Miriam Chapin. *When doctors and surgeons make mistakes, some of them fatal, has the patient or his family any recourse to law? Are other doctors and surgeons willing to testify against an incompetent member of their profession? Are hospital administrators as careful as they should be regarding the quality of the men on their staffs? Are they ready to dismiss physicians and surgeons who endanger the lives of patients? All these and other vital questions are answered by Mrs. Chapin in an article that will be a revelation to many readers.*

TEN HOURS WITH MADAME LAZONGA, by Anne Griffith. *Mrs. Griffith submitted to the "scientific beauty treatment" of a typical emporium of such hocus-pocus, and here she reports what the "experts" did to her. A hilarious article, with some sad overtones — which will interest all women and appall many men.*

WILLIAM GRAHAM SUMNER: THE FORGOTTEN MAN, by Mortimer Smith. *An essay on one of the greatest sociologists and teachers which this country has yet produced.*

In addition there will be many other articles and features, including the regular departments: The Library, The Check List, The Open Forum, and Down to Earth.

The American Mercury is indexed in The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Psychological Abstracts, and the Index to Labor Articles. The editors accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts, which must be accompanied by stamped and addressed return envelopes. Five weeks' notice required for change of address.

The American Mercury 570 Lexington Avenue New York 22, N. Y.

Enter my subscription to The Mercury. I enclose ☐ \$4 for one year, ☐ \$7 for two years

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE NO.....STATE.....

AM 8-50

RECEIVED
JUL 11 1950
LIBRARY
OF THE
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION

The American Mercury

FRANK COSTELLO: STATESMAN OF THE UNDERWORLD

BY

JAMES A. BELL

STROLLING down Park avenue, Frank Costello looks very much like an advertising executive, or a successful automobile dealer with a liking for mildly colorful neckwear — not at all like the legendary chieftain of the Underworld. In the same manner, most of his colleagues have followed the lead he took twenty years ago; they have adopted the trappings of respectability to the point where it has become extremely difficult to tell the hoodlums from the conventional businessmen in the lush eating and

drinking establishments of midtown Manhattan. The proprietors, some of whom are but lately removed from illegal enterprises themselves, greet them with the big hello usually reserved for movie stars and expense-account-happy public relations men.

St. Valentine's Day massacres, gang guns, the one-way ride and all the other crude paraphernalia of the rude, roaring Twenties are as dead as the good five cent cigar. The big musclemen are all either dead, approaching senility in prison, or de-

JAMES A. BELL has worked on newspapers throughout the nation since 1940. His last contribution to the *MERCURY*, "Defense Secretary Louis Johnson," appeared in the June issue.

ported. Those, like Costello, who have survived have done so by virtue of their wits. The brain has replaced the muscle, and the fix has been proven infinitely more effective than the snub-nosed .38.

The underworld leader of 1950 is a big businessman with vested interest. He has, through long and patient pleading with the pulp-brained tough guys, achieved a fine stability in that nebulous world which exists just beyond the borders of the law. No one needs a bodyguard any longer. And it is only infrequently that someone of real "stature" gets gunned.

Probably no man has done more to move things in this direction than "Mr. C." For twenty years both the lawful and the unlawful have been coming to him in times of stress. In 1932 his advice was sought by Charles A. Lindbergh when his child was kidnapped. And when J. Edgar Hoover sought Lepke Bukholter, he consulted with Costello.

Recently the warden of a New York prison was having great difficulties. His inmates were divided into two warring factions doing deadly battle with knives fashioned from spoons, and with other crude weapons. He tried every remedy in the book, but finally he had to call on Costello. When Costello went to the jail, the two leaders were brought in to him and the warden was asked to leave the

room. Then Costello proceeded to deliver a lecture to the men, who had often been indebted to him.

"Listen, you guys," he said in his hoarse voice. "You're being stupid. You're not hurting anyone but yourselves. If you ever want to get out of this joint, you got to behave. If you don't take it easy someone's going to get killed and there'll be life raps handed out." For the better part of an hour he talked and argued. In the end, the two men shook hands and the warden's troubles were over.

II

"He's practically retired now," said a knowing lawyer recently, "but people in the rackets still consider him the Barney Baruch of the Underworld." Costello had become the statesman of the Underworld back in 1929, when he was virtually unknown outside the hoodlum world. Always a firm believer in the theory that any squabble could be worked out with talk and, sometimes, a little cash on the side, he personally put up the funds for a meeting of New York and Chicago gang leaders in Atlantic City. Sessions were held in the Hotel President with all the New York Unione Siciliana leaders present, along with a Chicago delegation led by Al Capone.

After much talk, it was agreed that young punks must be stopped from popping off pistols and Thompson

submachine guns. It was agreed that all leaders were to go back and tell their boys that henceforth, when someone else was found operating in territory not assigned to him, he should not be shot on the spot, but reported to the boss, who would begin negotiations. The conference didn't achieve these desired objectives immediately, but it did form a base on which much of the present-day Underworld is built.

For a man who has spent most of his life in nefarious dealings, Costello is remarkably thin-skinned and nervous. He gets bitterly angry at newspapers and magazines which print what he asserts is sheer fantasy about him. When politicians make what he considers to be unkind aspersions, it adds strokes to his exceptionally good golf game. And when the California Crime Commission reported he was the "alleged boss" of a nation-wide crime syndicate, he said, sadly and solemnly: "You know, I've come to the conclusion Governor Warren isn't even qualified to be Vice-President."

A decade ago the newspapers nominated Costello to be chief Bad Guy in the front-page game of Cops and Robbers. The charges placed against him in this respect have been prodigious. He is, apparently, a combination of Jesse James, Al Capone, John Dillinger, Paul Bunyon, Heels Beels,

Blowtop and Pepe LeMoko. He exerts evil political power over all sorts of public officials. He controls hotel chains, motion picture studios, distilleries, manufacturing combines, night clubs, crap games, college basketball teams, professional football players, narcotics peddling, prostitution, lotteries, bookmaking and the policy racket. In his spare time, he spends millions of dollars in a gigantic attempt to defeat honest mayors and district attorneys in cities like Los Angeles, New Orleans, New York and Kansas City, so he can install in their places arch criminals who will shortly turn over the entire receipts of government to his hot little hands. Anything Satan can do, Frank can do better.

Costello himself is alternately bewildered and enraged by all the stuff that gets said and printed about him. His consternation at all the attention he gets is not based on any assumption of his that he's always been strictly a fine upstanding character. "Right now," he says, "I'm cleaner than 99 per cent of New Yorkers. Now, I don't want you should get the wrong impression. I never sold any Bibles."

What baffles him is the fact that the papers never mentioned him when he was at the height of a career which entailed, among other things, selling booze rather than Bibles and extracting lunch money, from the pockets of

school kids, into his slot machines (which were thoughtfully equipped with platforms so the smallest fry could reach the lever). Even the tabloid readers thought Costello was an Irishman who ran a saloon and steak joint on Third avenue.

Costello fancies himself as a guy who has gone straight after dodging many a crooked mile. He claims he contributes \$20,000 a year to charity, and supports a Boys Town in Italy. And hasn't he offered to give \$10,000 to anyone who can prove he's been in a night club after midnight for the past five years?

Costello is also a strange man of moods. When his life is relatively calm, he's expansive, friendly and generous, with a desire to pick up every check in sight. Then, again, when the papers and politicians start baying for his swarthy hide, he is restless, gloomy, stubborn, bitter and forlorn. Recently he went through a long period of depression; but when he felt that the Washington press and the Senate committee investigating race-track wires had treated him decently, he snapped out of it and entered an era of good will toward his fellow man. But sometimes he does get wistful. One day, after being questioned by Manhattan District Attorney Frank Hogan, he said huskily: "Maybe if things had been different I'd have become an honest

lawyer and worked this side of the street."

He refuses to be contrite for past sins. In answer to questions about whether he would do it again if he had another chance, he's most likely to snort: "Whadda hell do you think I am, a sissy?"

He is not an outwardly arrogant man, and acutely dislikes disagreeable scenes. He once fired a lawyer for jokingly suggesting that he and a U. S. attorney resolve a conflict (over when he was to appear before a Grand Jury) with their fists. He tries hard to be a gentleman and, among strangers, is almost painfully polite. His grammar and unadulterated New York slum accent often cause him to suffer embarrassment. But when he believes he has been shabbily treated, he is inclined to fight back.

Several years ago he was asked to cease attending a New York race track which was controlled by a man who came from a state where racing was illegal. He immediately sought out the man and made the following speech to him: "Mr. — you come from a state where racing is illegal so you come up here to run a track. I live in a state where slot machines are illegal so I go to Louisiana to operate them. Now please tell me what the difference is between you and me." The gentleman in question considered the proposition and informed Costello he

might attend the track any time he liked. Costello never went back.

He says that people can criticize him all they want for things he's done, but they should lay off things he hasn't done: "I never stole a nickel in my life," he asserts. "Now I don't say if my belly was empty I wouldn't. Who can say that? Empty bellies do strange things to people."

He is frequently called on to help former associates and complete strangers who are in trouble with the law, and he frequently does. Some years ago he told a kid on the lam from a grand jury indictment to give himself up. The boy took the advice and got off lightly. He met Costello at 11 o'clock one night on Broadway. Costello proceeded to dress him down for being abroad at that hour of the night so shortly after his brush with the law: "Don't run around at night," he said sternly. "You can't get anything at night. All you get is trouble. Do your business in the daytime."

He belligerently asserts that "my word is my bond"; and his reputation in and out of the Underworld, many close students say, is built on this quality. He has, however, been known to play lightly with the truth while talking off the record to authorities.

He is inordinately proud of the fact that he's been married to the same woman for 35 years, something of an accomplishment in his cultural milieu.

His reputation among the boys is for going home from parties as soon as the girlies start popping out of trick pies. He also clouds up ominously when discussing how his wife takes all the stuff that gets printed about him. "She worries, worries and worries. It gives her white hair, the stuff they write about me. I tell you one thing. They can say all they want about me, but they better not start picking on her. That could make me blow my top."

For a man who has trafficked in gambling since he was barely old enough to be a Boy Scout, he is not a particularly good gambler himself. He loses at poker, craps or gin rummy. They bore him. He does play a modestly good game of klobiosh, a European game of considerable complications. And he does have the normal gamblers' cynicism about the human race. "Everybody's a gambler," he says. "You bet on something all the time. Some people bet when their college plays football. Some people bet on the horses. I'm an uncommon gambler, that's all. I take the gamblers' bets."

He is inclined to blame the fact that he had a career in the Underworld upon his upbringing and environment. "Other kids are brought up nice and sent to Harvard and Yale," he said once moodily. "Me? I was brought up like a mushroom."

III

Frank Costello was born Francesco Castiglia, youngest of two sons and four daughters, in Laropola, a small village outside of Cosenza on the toe of the Italian boot. His father was a small farmer who was perpetually defeated by the rocky mountain soil. His mother was a midwife. Unable to make a go of farming, his father brought the family to New York where he bought a small store on East One Hundred-eighth street.

East Harlem wasn't a pretty place in the years Francesco Castiglia was growing up and it isn't a pretty place today. Great rats roam the alleys and vacant lots, raised high above street level by generations of packed garbage. At the corner of East One Hundred-eighth street and Second avenue the young men loiter today as they did when Francesco, gun in his pocket, was one of them. Their hair is jet black and held in place by overdoses of oil. Their faces show the effects of melancholy pimple-squeezing. To the west, the Third avenue El smashes its way toward the Bronx; to the east, the sky is filled with the Triborough bridge, which seems to float away toward the green comforts of Long Island.

Here, a block away from the infamous Mafia Murder stable, where Ciro Terranova had recalcitrant fol-

lowers killed, Francesco Castiglia became Frank Costello through a succession of name changes. Here he learned the devious paths through the crumbling concrete urban jungle. He quit P.S. 172 when he was eleven and had reached the fifth grade. He worked in his father's hole-in-the-wall grocery store, sold papers, ran errands for saloon keepers, and operated a kid crap game, paying off the Irish cop on the beat for the privilege. When he was fourteen he signed on a fruit boat and spent two years plying the Caribbean sea between Central and South America as a deckhand.

He was arrested for assault and robbery at eighteen but the case was dismissed. Three years later he was again hauled in on the same charge and again got off. He worked in a saloon until the police picked him up one day as he rushed from a barbershop; during the pursuit through the dark and foul tenement alleys, he threw a gun into a vacant lot. The records of the Court of General Session tell the taut little story: twenty-three-year-old Costello pleaded, first in Italian then in English, for leniency; but the judge was stern.

"I have it right here from his neighbors that he has the reputation of being a gunman," said the judge, indicating a pile of letters. "And in this case he certainly was a gunman. He has a very beautiful weapon and he

was . . . prepared to do the work of a gunman. He is charged on two other occasions with doing the work of a gunman, and, somehow or other, he got out of it. . . . I sentence you to the penitentiary for one year."

Ten months in jail taught Costello a lesson: only punks carry guns. He determined he was through being a punk. He learned to wear clothes that didn't fetch the first policeman who saw him walking down the street. And he emerged from the hoodlum stage to become, first a punchboard operator, then a bootlegger. He never was a common bootlegger, however. He sat in a nice office at 405 Lexington avenue using the telephone instead of the gun, buying, selling, bribing, fixing, smoothing. He left to the punks the job of dashing about in high speed cutters and exchanging gunfire with the Coast Guard.

He became a wealthy man; so wealthy that on occasion he loaned money to Arnold Rothstein, the infamous underworld financier-playboy. His ventures were so beautifully concealed that when the Federals cracked down in 1925, they made the mistake of indicting Costello as a partner rather than a competitor of Big Bill Dwyer. He went free as the wind.

He pyramided his bootlegging profits in real estate and was already firmly established in the New York slot machine racket when prohibition

came to an end. And when the late Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia cracked down, he shrugged his shoulders and accepted the late Huey Long's invitation to run the slot machines in Louisiana. With Dandy Phil Kastel, a dapper little bucketshop operator he inherited from Rothstein, Costello invested \$15,000 in the Louisiana venture. A year later the gross income from his machines was a staggering \$1,290,000! The money kept rolling in until 1946, when young deLesseps Story Morrison became mayor of New Orleans and ran him out of town. Today Costello declares he has no slot machines going anywhere. His only Louisiana income, he asserts, is from the fabulous Beverly Country Club, a posh gambling casino just over the New Orleans city limits.

Costello didn't come to the attention of the nation at large until 1943, when District Attorney Hogan revealed a wire-tap conversation in which the nominee for a seat on the New York Supreme Court bench profusely thanked Costello for pulling off his nomination; he also pledged to him his "undying" loyalty. This occasioned a good deal of handkerchief wringing and investigation. The judge got elected and the "Barney Baruch of the Underworld" was born.

"A lot of people say I'm a politician," he mused recently. "I'm not. I'm just a *friend* of politicians."

He once made a great splash when he casually left \$27,200 in cash in a taxicab. The city refused to turn the money back to him, contending it was bookmaking money. When the courts finally forced its return, Costello found the U. S. Government waiting, hand outstretched for most of it, in final settlement of income tax arrears which he had been paying off for twelve years. But by his lights, the unkindest blow of all fell shortly thereafter when a Federal narcotics agent accused him of being "a financier of narcotics traffic." This so enraged him that he summoned the first and only press conference of his life to deny the charges. "These are the worse [sic] types of lies," he retorted. "I detest the narcotics racket and anyone connected with it." He demanded that a special grand jury be summoned to hear his defense, but the matter was dropped.

IV

Costello likes to refer to himself as "Mr. Schedule," because, he contends, he is so regular in his habits that anyone who wants to see him knows where he is at any given hour of the day or night. "What's all this mystery about me?" he demands. "Why, everyone knows where to find me. I go places so regular."

Most mornings of the year, Costello opens his small brown eyes at 6

o'clock in his seven-room, \$300-a-month apartment at 115 Central Park West. He stretches his trim five feet eight inches and 170 pounds, smokes the first of forty to fifty English Oval cigarettes he will consume during the day, then bathes and puts on one of his fifteen tailored single-breasted suits.

Breakfast at Costello's is something of a production. Some mornings as many as a dozen friends may drop in during the course of the next two and a half hours for talk, scrambled eggs, corn muffins, raisin cake or just coffee. Just before 10 A.M. the master departs for the Waldorf barbershop. He either mooches a ride with one of his breakfast guests or takes a taxi. (The Costello's 1950 Cadillac is used almost exclusively by Mrs. Costello.) Between 10 o'clock and noon he can be found in the barbershop, where he is shaved, hair-trimmed, manicured and shoe-shined. He then takes a seat in one of the leather chairs in the barber-shop lobby and is available to anyone who has a "contract" (Tammanyese for any sort of business) to discuss with him. Many who come looking for him are after a touch. He carries up to \$500 for this purpose.

At 12 sharp he lunches. More often than not he eats at the Norse Grill in the Waldorf. Occasionally he goes to the Stork Club, Toots Shor's, Lindy's or Dinty Moore's. He spends his after-

noons at a movie, which he calls "a pictcha." He is probably without peer as a movie fan, seeing every picture that comes to town. If he runs out of movies in midtown Manhattan, he goes out to the neighborhood theaters. He likes anything, so long as it is a movie. No bodyguard accompanies him. He's never had one.

He comes out of the "pictcha" into the late afternoon when dusk and growing traffic bring the Manhattan tempo up. He goes to a midtown bar (usually at the Madison Hotel) where he holds late office hours, limiting himself to three Scotch highballs, which he refers to as "cocktails" when taken at this hour. At 6:30 he pays his check and goes home to his wife, Bobby, a plump and devoted woman. They eat at home at least four nights a week. He believes himself to be a master mixer of a spaghetti sauce made from his mother's recipe. Friends who have eaten it say it's pretty awful.

Normally he's in bed by 11 P.M.

Being "Mr. Schedule" hasn't particularly forwarded his great desire for respectability. Last year he made the supreme bid by giving a dinner at the Copacabana night club for the benefit of the Salvation Army. When five state supreme court judges, three minor judges and all the power and glory of Tammany Hall showed up, the newspapers and populace reacted

as if he had been roaming the streets in the dead of night murdering small babies in their cribs. "It was a mistake," says Costello today. "I knew it was, but I said what the hell. I got the Salvation Army \$15,000."

If Costello ever thought that he would achieve respectability, he has pretty much given it up now. The American people continue to be fascinated by him; they stare at him in New York restaurants but still hold him as something apart, a bit too unsavory for intimate contact.

Many well-informed persons also believe that the Unione Siciliana, the American offshoot of the Mafia, still controls all organized crime. But the law enforcement agencies find the problem more difficult. They keep trying to lay their hands upon the leaders. Their continued scrutiny sometimes makes Frank Costello feel he's never without a dozen men looking over his shoulder.

"There they all are," he said not long ago, waving his hand to indicate imaginary hordes surrounding him. "They are standing above the rabbit hole with their shotguns waiting for me to come out. If I did something today, they'd knock my head off."

It should perhaps be pointed out to Costello that if he hadn't gone down the rabbit hole in the first place there would be no hunters waiting for his ultimate emergence.

THE REVOLUTION IN WALL STREET

BY HAROLD FLEMING

SOME people say that Wall Street is just a street that starts at a church and ends in a river, but others think of it as something vast and powerful. To some it is an ogre; to others a financial octopus — even today the latest Moscow line for European consumption shows Wall Street pulling the strings which operate the Marshall Plan for the ensnarement of the toiling masses of Europe.

Perhaps Wall Street once had such power, but it is doubtful if it has it today. For almost a generation its fortunes have been ebbing. While the rest of the country has been growing, Wall Street has been slipping back in power, prestige — and pelf. Here are some of the typical things that have happened to it:

Less than twenty years ago most of the gold of the United States lay in the subterranean vaults beneath the towers of the Wall Street district. Today the United States Treasury owns it all. In 1929, when the national income was running around \$90 billion a year, over 1,125,000,000 shares

were traded on the New York Stock Exchange. But last year only 272 million shares were traded there. While national income has more than doubled, stock trading has shrunk to a quarter of its former volume.

Not so very long ago the partners of J. P. Morgan & Company wielded the most powerful financial influence in the United States; but last year J. P. Morgan & Co., Inc., reported a net profit of a mere \$3.75 million. In the same year United States Steel (which Morgan once put together) earned \$166 million; General Electric, \$125 million; American Telephone, \$225 million; and General Motors (which was not even born when the elder Morgan was in his heyday), \$600 million.

Less than twenty years ago, New York banks, led by the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, controlled the nation's "money market" — which in turn heavily influenced the interest rates paid by manufacturers in St. Louis, by farmers in Minnesota, and by cattle-men in Texas. But last

HAROLD FLEMING is a free-lance business and financial writer whose articles on Wall Street have appeared regularly in the *Christian Science Monitor* for the past twelve years.

year Senators and government officials argued strenuously, in Congressional hearings, that either the United States Treasury or the Federal Reserve Board in Washington was actually controlling the nation's interest rates. Nobody even mentioned Wall Street.

In the old days, and up to 1940, the long-term swings of the stock market were an accepted barometer of financial weather ahead. But in 1940, and again in 1946, when the stock market took a long swing down, business took a long swing up. Wall-Streeters sadly commented: "The market, as a barometer of business, is busted."

In a static economy, any city, state or business may be said to be holding its own if its figures on such things as production, population, and bank debits hold steady. But in a fast-growing dynamic economy like ours, everybody must, as the Red Queen said to Alice in *Through the Looking Glass*, keep running to stay where they are. And in this sense Wall Street is certainly slipping. Take, for instance, the yardstick of loans, once the bread and butter of the commercial banks of New York. In 1929 they were running around \$6.5 billion (for central reserve city member banks in New York). But in the 1930's they slid off to around \$3.5 billion,

and did not recover much ground until 1945. Today they are running only around \$7.5 billion, while the rest of the economy has gone galloping ahead. (Bear in mind that in the twenty years since 1929 national income has risen from around \$87 billion to over \$225 billion; average factory wages, from about \$20 a week to about \$50; and corporation earnings before taxes, from about \$10 billion to almost \$35 billion.)

Another measure of health in the banking business is bank debits, or checks drawn. And here the Federal Reserve Board's statisticians have laboriously compiled figures which tell the startling story of New York's lag behind the nation. Here are the figures for member banks in New York City and for banks in "140 Other Centers Excluding New York City," in billions of dollars:

	<i>New York City</i>	<i>All Others</i>
1920	241	241
1930	384	277
1949	453	1231

II

One of Wall Street's largest industries is investment banking — the sale of new issues of bonds and stocks; but the investment bankers are barely doing as much business today as they were doing in the 1920's. From 1926 to 1930 new security issues averaged around \$9 billion — and that's all

they have averaged since the war. Furthermore, the most lucrative parts of the business, like new corporation common stock issues, are way down, and the least lucrative, like state and municipal issues, are way up.

Perhaps the stock market itself has been hardest hit. In only one "statistic" does it show any gain whatsoever over the 1920's. The New York Stock Exchange has more than doubled the number of shares listed and qualified for trading on its floor. But alas, listing and trading are two different things — and the members make their living out of trading commissions. The annual rate of turnover of listed shares on the exchange has dropped to the lowest levels on record. In the 1920's it ran between about 60 per cent and 120 per cent. Last year it fell to 13 per cent. For the entire prosperous 40's, the volume of share trading averaged only about a million shares a day, while for the entire 20's it averaged about 1.8 million. Bond trading did even worse than stock trading, for the number of listed bond issues has fallen some 40 per cent in twenty years, and the volume of trading in bonds (at par value) is scarcely a third of what it was two decades ago.

The pay-off is in the price of stock exchange "seats," which shows how much it is worth to be a member of the exchange. In 1929 they reached a high of \$475,000, and, at the depth

of the 1932 depression, they sank as low as \$64,000. But in 1940 they were down to \$31,000, and in 1942, to \$17,000. Today, with business somewhat revived, they are up to around \$50,000. Measured in dollars and compared with the past, a member's life cannot be a very happy one.

Wall Street was once comparatively free and untrammelled — "self-regulated," the word is. But since 1933 it has become enmeshed in a gossamer of laws and regulations. Like Gulliver when the Lilliputians tied him down, it can hardly move today without permission from Washington. One after another its operations have been put under the day-to-day check of some government department. First the investment banking business was checked under the Securities Act of 1933; then the two stock exchanges, under the Securities and Exchange Act of 1934; then the banks, under the Banking Act of 1935; and finally, the commodity futures markets under the Commodity Exchange Act of 1936.

The Pecora investigation of 1932 had its first legislative result in the "truth-in-securities bill," which became the Securities Act of 1933, regulating the investment bankers. Its goal was "full disclosure" of all facts about a new issue to would-be investors; and to assure this goal Congress

made investment bankers heavily responsible for everything in their security offerings — including not only facts misstated but facts omitted.

As first passed by Congress, this act imposed great risks on everyone connected with new security offerings, and it practically brought the investment banking business to a standstill. It provided, for instance, that for ten years after any offering, not only buyers but buyers-from-buyers of any such issue could sue the issuers for virtually any loss from virtually any cause; and this liability ran personally against just about everybody who had any hand in the original offering, including the investment bankers, the directors of the borrowing corporation, and even the lawyers and accountants. Though subsequently modified, the law is still studded with “teeth.”

In the following year Congress gave the Securities Exchange Commission broad powers over all the stock exchanges, which the commission proceeded to use to the fullest extent. These powers were soon enlarged. The Richard Whitney scandal in 1937 enabled the commission to force a complete reorganization of the New York Stock Exchange. In 1936 Congress gave them control of “unlisted trading” on the New York Curb Exchange; and between then and 1940 it further extended SEC power to

cover the “over-the-counter” market, large corporate bankruptcies, protective committees, stockholders’ proxies, investment trusts, and investment counseling firms. The McKesson and Robbins scandal opened the door to surveillance of corporate accounting and auditing practices, and it would take a book to relate the ways in which the SEC now regulates the doings on the exchanges of “specialists,” floor-traders, floor-brokers, short-sellers, and so on.

The country’s leading commodity futures markets are in the Chicago Board of Trade and have never figured prominently in Wall Street activities. But Wall Street does contain the New York Cotton Exchange, the Coffee and Sugar Exchange, the Rubber Exchange, the Commodity Exchange, and the Produce Exchange. Most of these were affected when Congress re-wrote and stiffened the Grain Futures Act of 1922, in the Commodity Exchange Act of 1936.

The commercial banks were also placed under new controls as a result of the Pecora investigation and the disastrous depression. First, they were required to divorce their investment banking departments and affiliates (except those dealing in municipal and state securities); then, a potential new contestant for controls over them, the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, was set up. And finally,

in the Banking Act of 1935, the powers of the Federal Reserve Board in Washington over the member banks of the Federal Reserve system were vastly increased.

In the meantime, Congress began to create competition for Wall Street in Washington. It did not begin as competition, or as anything that might ultimately take over the functions of the Street — it started with “emergency” agencies of the government, like the RFC, the HOLC, the FHA and the CCC, to supplement private enterprise and the private banking system. But with the emergency over, most of these agencies are still with us, and growing like Topsy. And as they grow, the country’s need for the functions of Wall Street lessens considerably.

The competition began with the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, a “temporary” agency conceived by President Hoover to tide over, during the depression, such hard-hit groups as banks and railroads. For a time it was the largest bank in the world, and it still thrives, having astonished nearly everybody by running up a half billion dollars of earnings (with the aid of both Jesse Jones and World War II), after all charge-offs of losses. The Home Owners Loan Corporation, which took over millions of sour home mortgages, was also able to convert from ugly-duckling to swan and

pay off, with the help of the war. And the Federal Housing Administration, which has now insured over \$7 billion worth of mortgages on more than a million small homes, has operated on a margin which bankers in pre-depression days would have considered preposterously thin; but it has nevertheless paid out, and in doing so has replaced the mortgage and title guarantee companies of pre-depression Wall Street.

Add to this such organizations as the Federal Home Loan Bank system, built from the top down as a reserve system for building and loan societies; the Export-Import Bank, which has made over \$2 billion of foreign loans while Wall Street, for one reason or another, has virtually stopped making them; and the Commodity Credit Corporation, now engaged in a fantastic program of cornering crops. All told, the various government corporations and credit agencies now show nearly \$23 billion of assets and liabilities, which is more than the total deposits of all the Wall Street banks; and they control nearly \$12 billion worth of loans, which is 50 per cent more than the total of bank loans on Wall Street.

III

Many people, both in and out of Wall Street, are inclined to attribute all of Wall Street’s troubles to political rea-

sons — to the attacks of Congress and the hostility of voters, to punitive “regulation” and to financially reckless government competition. But much of what has happened to Wall Street in recent years seems essentially little different from what happened to the buggy-builders when the automobile came along, or to the phonograph people when the radio came along, or to the radio-set market when television came along. Wall Street suffers in part because times have changed in more than merely political ways.

One of the hardest-hit business divisions of Wall Street, for instance, has been that of investment banking. The business of floating new corporate issues has been dented in the last twenty years for both borrower and lender. And the change has had little or nothing to do with the ambitions of Congressmen and government bureaus to move across the railroad tracks and be just as important as the respectable Main Street bourgeoisie. Big business itself is actually by-passing Wall Street, which is (by comparison) becoming Little Business. Both borrowers and lenders of really large funds, who once could meet only in Wall Street, are outgrowing their financial breeches and meeting uptown, across the river, or down in Washington.

One of the chief substitutes for

Wall Street today is called “private placement.” Mention it to a Wall Street investment banker and he sees red. Life insurance companies, bulging with funds, have taken, in recent years, from 30 to 50 per cent of the bond issues of corporations — by-passing entirely the elaborately developed distribution machinery of Wall Street. And corporate borrowers themselves have developed new ways of raising money without going to Wall Street. One of these sources is depreciation funds. Another is the “plowing in” of earnings. Of the enormous outlays of American business since V-J Day on new plants and equipment, an unprecedentedly small proportion was financed through new issues of stock and bonds. The overwhelming proportion came from corporate depreciation charges and plowed-in or reinvested earnings.

What this means in effect is that American industry has outgrown its traditional relation to Wall Street. Financially, the child has become a man and the man has become an old man. While Wall Street earnings are counted in millions, American industry’s earnings are now counted in hundreds of millions. When “Big Steel,” which was put together by the father of the House of Morgan, can earn \$166 million in a year while the House of Morgan itself earns only \$3.75 million, the financial capacity of even

Morgan Stanley & Company is small *vis-à-vis* the Morgan corporate child.

Yet back of all this there seems to be a predominantly political cause — the progressive income tax, which has eliminated the rich man as a financial factor. Wall Street's once financially dominant machinery was, in the last analysis, built on the rights, powers, and surplus risk-capital of the wealthy investor. When rich men ran the country, and had money to venture, they went in part to Wall Street, where they found informed bankers and brokers. But today, due to the progressive income tax, they have no money to venture. Most of the country's savings pile into the insurance companies' coffers today in millions of small amounts; and the insurance companies, with a solemn trust to widows and orphans, fear to risk this money but are glad to lend it to large reliable borrowers.

The stock markets feel the drain of the progressive income tax just as heavily. Their customers are no longer wealthy men with money to risk, but small-income men with money to conserve. While the wealthy man needs an 8 per cent gross return on his money to yield him 2 per cent after income tax, the small investor is afraid of the stock market and puts his money, if not into an insurance policy or savings bank deposit, then into one of the new investment trust

funds, which tend to center in Boston rather than in New York. Thus Wall Street, once the biggest thing financially in the country, has now dropped out of the competition between the big industrial corporations, which need more money than the Street can profitably raise, and the biggest lenders (the insurance companies) who have more money than Wall Street can profitably lend.

An even more fundamental reason for the decline of Wall Street involves the decline and fall of the prestige of the gold standard and the general theory of central banking. These two practices actually went together — and Wall Street was the heart of the system that handled them. The theory was that credit expansion was based on gold reserves, and both practices were actually managed in Lower Manhattan. When the relation between gold supply and credit expansion became far-flung and thin, then New York would put on the brakes; when gold was ample but credit small, then New York would step on the gas.

The theory failed — so far as voters are concerned — in 1933. Its final demise was indicated last year when the president of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York threw at the assembled bankers of the country, at the American Bankers Association annual convention at San Francisco, a lengthy

explanation of why the country couldn't afford to return to the gold standard. And the coffin-lid of the whole theory was in a sense nailed down (along with the idea that central bankers should adjust the relation between gold reserves and credit expansion by moving interest rates up or down) when the head of the President's Council of Economic Advisors told a Congressional committee this year that "low interest rates are always desirable."

Wall Street was the guardian of the gold standard and of the theory of central banking. If they ever come back, their most competent administrators by far will be found in the Street. But if they don't — and their return now seems very remote — then it is unlikely that Wall Street will ever again hold the strings of the national economy. For better or for worse, its political and economic power is fading away. Perhaps it is significant that for twenty years now, no new building of importance has

been started in the Wall Street district. This is in sharp contrast with the enormous growth of Washington in the same period. And while plenty of new office buildings are now going up in New York City, they are in the midtown or uptown areas.

A Rip Van Winkle visiting the Wall Street district today, after a twenty years' sleep, would find its external appearance very little changed. And if he proceeded inside the huge buildings which still bracket the canyons of the Street, he would find commercial bankers worried over the trend in the market for government bonds, investment bankers troubled over the narrowing profit-spread on the shrinking volume of new issues, and stock brokers worried over the break-even-point in trading volume. But nowhere — or hardly anywhere — would he find an echo of the arrogance of 1900 or the confidence of 1929. He would find Wall Street a very deflated "octopus" — physically, mentally, morally, and financially.



THE RED, RED LOVE

A STORY

BY RITA LIEPA

GREEN IS HOPE, Malvina used to say on Monday morning, when she took the girl between her fat knees and tied a yard of ribbon in her hair. Maya nodded sullenly, bored with Malvina and prettiness. But this was the run of things, and the week should be started with hope.

"Blue stands for faith," Malvina would explain on Tuesday — and a blue bird sat down in Maya's hair.

"Yellow means jealousy," was to be announced at midweek — and the flame of ill will leaped on Maya's head.

"White is innocence," Malvina would sigh on Friday, looking so much relieved, as though they had escaped from some mischief always lurking around the corner.

After she had carried Hope, Faith, Jealousy and Innocence on her curly head the week through, Maya was presented with what she desired above everything. Love was reserved

for the weekends. On Saturday morning, the pressure of Malvina's knees softened, and her voice would take an elevator to heaven.

"Red is love, red is love, red is love," she would ring. This is how Maya came to know that the candy which Konstantin gave her was the candy of love.

He had lots of candy in the bag: pure white Innocence along with pale green Hope and delicate yellow Jealousy. They all rained into the demanding palms the girls held out to him, as he was leaning there against the chestnut tree in the backyard. Maya was standing aside, but her eyes held Konstantin like two tight lassoes.

This was a special day. The roofs were about to lose their snow hats. The sky was hanging low and mellow as if sweet cream were to pour down from the clouds. Spring had planted its first anemone amid snow. The air

RITA LIEPA was born in Riga, Latvia, where she studied philology and worked on newspapers. She suffered a decade of refugee life, some of it as a waitress, and later, as a librarian with the American forces. She learned English by herself, without any formal education, and this is her first published story in English.

was full of perfume as though Mama's skirts were sweeping the whole world.

Rising above the girls and giving them green, white and yellow candy, Konstantin had the air of a prince looking for a Cinderella. His freckled nose emerged between the shallow cheeks with great confidence. Now and then he tossed his head, and the coarse red mane flew a long way back.

This was a very special day. It was not enough that Konstantin could play a piece called *Der Tuerkische Marsch* on the piano. Now he had beaten all the boys by wearing the first pair of long pants around the place. Now he could cross his legs, look down his nose and whistle like a sailor.

"Hi, Maya, want some?" he shouted.

All girls turned their heads, with cheeks bulging, mouths chewing. Two black pebbles came flying towards Maya — the eyes of Konstantin.

The world began to dance before her eyes. It was a carrousel which stopped when Konstantin took her limp hand and slipped something into it, wrapping her fingers around, as if this were a secret. She stared at him and saw a halo above his head, as he was swaying there, hands in the pockets of those long pants, a new dashing Konstantin added to the diligent one who could play the *Tuerkische Marsch* on the piano.

She opened her hand slowly, and as they both looked down, they knew what it was. The candy of love.

She closed her hand and ran. Her white bow fluttered to the ground. Konstantin picked it up with the tip of his shoe.

II

Maya wrapped the candy of love in a silk petticoat of her favorite doll and put it under the pillow on her bed. It was then that Mama swished into the room, with coat and hat and everything.

"Want to come along?"

"Where to?"

"To see Madame Papatte."

Maya galloped three times around her mother, just to scare her a bit. There always were so many things not to be messed up, I beg you. Things such as a coiffure, a lace ruffle, a chapeau.

"Stop it, I beg you," Mama would cry.

They strolled the streets hand in hand, mother and daughter. Now and then Maya would give a proud sidelong glance to that abundance of velvet eyes, white skin, lustrous hair and rustling silk that altogether was her Mama. Yet no window-shopping was done today, as Mama passed all temptations with a firmly set face. Soon, too soon they saw the copper plate blinking at them with a gra-

ciously curved engraving: "Eugenia Paparde — Modiste."

Madame Paparde was thin and flat, like a flower pressed in a book. One would expect her to fall to pieces then and there. At places where Mama was well rounded, Madame Paparde looked rather plain. When she moved on her knees, wrapping Mama in yards of silk, she was no more than a swift shadow. If other people talked through their teeth, Madame Paparde spoke through a mouth full of pins.

"This décolleté suits Madame perfectly wonderfully," she would snap between her pins, for instance.

"Don't you think it's a little bit daring?" Mama would cover her throat with a long white hand.

"Oh, but no, not at all! With such a figure as Madame's one can afford anything!" the pins would sound.

Maya's curious eyes took in the new dresses hanging here and there, lacking only but heads and feet to look like perfect ladies. Then her eyes sped to the familiar spot above Madame Paparde's couch. A black velvet piece was fastened there, and on it two white swans were embroidered, holding two lines of scarlet letters between their yellow beaks:

A woman is born
But to love and suffer.

Maya already had learned to connect these red words with the large

picture which rested on Madame Paparde's mantelpiece and showed so huge a man that one picture could hardly take him in. The beard alone occupied a great part of it.

"Who is it?" Maya had once asked.

"Why, it's Paparde himself," had come an answer from between the pins, and Madame Paparde's face had looked as if she had said it was the President. Then she had taken the picture in such a manner as if only two of her fingers were good enough to touch it. She had placed the picture in Maya's eager hands, with the words: "Take a good look now. This is a real man." She had smiled, and that had made her eyes look even sadder. Then they had learned that Paparde one day up and sailed into the wide world. He seemed never to have found the right haven again. This had happened years ago, and Madame Paparde kept on loving and suffering.

Maya could not help thinking about the red words — a woman is born but to love and suffer. Was that so?

What was love that it made women suffer until they became pale, flat and miserable like Madame Paparde? For Madame Paparde too once had looked different. There, on the funny shelf called *étagère*, was a picture, and in the middle of it a young and gay Madame Paparde standing, her foot in a white shoe put forward

sprightly, and holding a white parasol with the two very best of her fingers.

What was love that it made Malvina sometimes stare at the blank kitchen wall and let the milk run over, while she stood there saying that Joe the iceman was late again? At night, she would write letters to one Jacob out in the country, pushing her tongue from one cheek to the other and weighing upon the pen with the vigor of deep love. Those rose-colored sheets, covered with ink and tears, did they tell of love and suffering? "Dear Jacob, I am suffering!" Were these the words Malvina was writing while blowing her nose in affection, or sipping strength from the coffee pot?

And the wife of the housekeeper, did she love and suffer, as she stood there at the washtub, her arms soaking in water and soap while her husband snored in bed? And that young lady from upstairs, running all the way downstairs on her high clicking heels to meet her friend who was whistling *Sentimental Journey*, did she love and suffer?

"Madame looks tired today," said Eugenia Papyarde to the white face in the mirror.

"Oh, it's just the headache." Mama's eyebrows twisted like two little black snakes.

"I see," said Madame Papyarde, "I see." And she sighed.

Mama searched Mama's face anx-

iously. It was as though darkened by a veil. Two deep lines spread from the nose to the edge of her mouth. Those awful headaches she had lately!

III

They were silent on their way home. Maya glanced up now and then, opened her mouth and closed it again. But then the words simply would not stay in her mouth any longer.

"Do all women have to suffer?"

"Why, darling?"

"Because of love."

Mama let her hand go, then took it again and pressed tenderly. "What puts such ideas into your head?"

"But Madame Papyarde — she loves and suffers, doesn't she?"

"Her husband left her, dear."

"Didn't he love her then?"

"He did, but does no longer."

"How come? Did love, but loves no longer. Is that love?"

"I don't know, darling. Really. You had better stop teasing me. You know I've got a bad, bad headache."

For a while they walked quietly, then the question slipped out: "Does love last forever if one has a figure?"

Mama gave a little smile. "Silly, you! It is much too early for you to trouble your head with such things. Keep away from love as long as possible, then you'll be a smart girl."

"I don't want to be a smart girl," said Maya, "I want love!"

"Love is not to be had by force, darling. There is nothing you can do about it. You may deserve it, and still not get it. Love is there, and you don't know why. Or it isn't, and you don't know why either."

"But if I had love, what then? Would it make me suffer? I don't want to suffer! I simply won't!" She pressed Mama's hand hard, angry with the red, red love. There was the candy of love waiting for her under a pillow.

At home, Mama wearily removed coat and hat, kissed Maya between the eyes and went to her room, locking the door behind her.

"The master won't be home for supper again," said Malvina, angrily looking at the closed door.

"Mama has an awful headache," Maya explained. And then she popped her question: "Say, Malvina, must women suffer when they love?"

"My goodness!" Malvina gasped, struck with heavy suspicion. "What are you up to now?" She looked down at Maya as indignantly as when she had brought dirt in with her shoes. Then Malvina straightened up and

cast one more gloomy glance towards the closed door.

"Yes," she snapped. "They must. Suffer like hell."

"Can't one do without suffering?"

"No," Malvina said firmly, as though Maya had asked her a favor.

That night before dark, Maya was waiting on the stairway for Konstantin, who returned from his piano lesson, carrying a black folder with "Music" in gold lettering on it.

Her hand extended, she went towards him. They both looked down at the candy of love laid on her palm.

"I don't want it," she said.

And she told herself that Konstantin was just a boy with freckles on his nose.

She spent the evening sitting on the window sill and looking across the roofs of the city. She tried to play her old game: she was a giant's daughter and could jump from roof to roof and run to the end of the city. But she could not imagine anything. She pounded her brow against the windowpane, repeating:

"But no, but no, but no. . . ."



THE SKEPTICS' CORNER

by BERGEN EVANS



That opposites attract

Although Dr. Horace Gray of the Stanford University School of Medicine found, in an analysis of 271 married couples, that introverts seem, on the whole, attracted to extroverts, a number of other studies have shown that in social matters likeness attracts or, at least, strangeness repels.

Professors Burgess and Wallin, in a study of 1000 engaged couples, found that similarity in religion, background and interests was the rule. Dr. E. Lowell Kelly, in an earlier study of 3300 engaged couples, found striking similarity in each couple not only in religion and social background but in a whole series of personality traits.

One of the most curious reports was that made by Marvin Koller (in the *American Sociological Review*), who in 1948 examined the distance from home which various males in Columbus, O., ventured in the perilous search for a mate. The median

was thirteen blocks. The bolder blades, 24 to 27 years old, went further afield, but the younger men, who were probably splendidly impatient, went less. Men over 35 averaged less than seven blocks. Whether they were decrepit, desperate or cynical, or whether Columbus is so rich in attractive marriageable women that it makes no difference, the report did not say.

That David slew Goliath

To doubt that David slew Goliath would seem to those who would rather venerate than read their Bibles a straining to be incredulous. But if anyone with an elementary knowledge of the Bible's peculiar typography reads I Samuel xvii and II Samuel xvi, he will perceive that the wicked Goliath was slain three times, twice by David and once by Elhanan, a fellow townsman of David's. As a giant-killer, this Elhanan rivals the

redoubtable Jack; in I Chronicles xx, we find him killing Lahmi, Goliath's brother.

That apparently gave the King James translators a bright idea, because they went back and inserted "the brother of" before "Goliath" in II Samuel xxi 19, as the typography shows. That left David a giant and Elhanan a giant and "made sense," as we say; but, like so many other efforts to make sense out of obscure passages in the Bible, only at the cost of implying that the original writers didn't know what they were talking about or that the manuscripts in the state we have them are wholly unreliable. Both of which implications are so damaging that it would have been better to have endowed Goliath with a number of lives.

*That the Little Red Schoolhouse
gave a better education than the
more expensive schools of today*

That the little red schoolhouses did very well in rhetoric no one can doubt who has ever heard one of their graduates hold forth. But in other subjects their success has not been so apparent; some skeptics have even wondered if they did as well as the degenerate modern schools, with all their paraphernalia of laboratories and their nonsense of child study and educated teachers. In 1947, Mr. For-

rest Long, the editor of the *Clearing House*, was enabled to make something of a comparison when he found an old set of examination papers from 1846, in spelling and arithmetic, with a statement of the scores made. He sent them out to twenty schools, to be tried out on boys and girls of the equivalent grades. The modern youngsters did slightly better in spelling (which was one of the Little Red Schoolhouse's specialties) and almost twice as well in math.

*That many gifted men were
backward children*

It is apparently a comfort to many parents, viewing their progeny's report cards, to reflect that Herbert Spencer, Edison, Sir Walter Scott, Swift and many others who have since done all right, at least in the biographical dictionaries, were not very bright as children. But this is false comfort. These men were probably as superior as children as they were as adults. The chances are that some stupid teacher failed to see in them the conventional signs of promise, or was repelled by a manifestation of originality. Then, too, our knowledge of such underestimations usually comes from the distinguished person himself, who either pretends (like Rousseau) that he was more stupid than he really was (to show how much

better *he* has done with himself than the teacher ever did), or vengefully seeks to even some old score.

That Voltaire came to a very bad end

Despite Selden's warning in *Table Talk*, that to boast of converting a man on his deathbed is like boasting of the seduction of a woman when she is drunk, the unreflecting among the pious often triumphantly assert such claims. And where public avowal, witnesses, or other circumstances make the claim untenable, they are inclined to believe that the Sadducee at least got a foretaste of what was coming to him and departed this life in edifying agony.

Voltaire has been an especial thorn in godly flesh because of his religious accomplishments — his blessing and medallion from the Pope, his church and chaplain, his position as Temporal Father of the Order of Capuchins for the District of Gex, his doing his Easter Duty under the eye of a notary and his Declaration of Faith in his last days. But he so brazenly complied with all these technical demands and honors that to claim him as a convert would be a preposterous farce. Nothing was left for him, therefore, but the "edifying agony"; and that he has received with all its frights and apertunances. Thousands of children

are taught that he died in an hysteria of fear and remorse, raving, insane, screaming with terror as the Devil came to get him — and, for reasons which are not made quite clear, regaling himself from time to time upon his own excrement.

Those who were present saw no indications of all this furor; happily, the fables were current early enough for them to leave, in refutation, a detailed account of his closing hours. His niece, the Marquise de Villette, who never left him for an instant, says that except for "a slight movement of exasperation" which was elicited from him by an intrusive parish-priest who was attempting to scoop a last-minute recantation, his whole demeanor "showed tranquillity, peace and resignation." She is confirmed by Dr. Burard, who was also present. Much has been made of an adverse report by his regular physician, Tronchin, by those who have not bothered to discover or scrupled to suppress the fact that Tronchin was not there, since he had withdrawn from the case earlier in a huff.

That "kidney trouble" is invariably accompanied by a pain in the back

Few patent medicines would repay their advertising if their use were restricted to any particular ailment. It

is only when they are recommended for general debility, "that 'run down' condition," "loss of virility," "acidosis," "black spots before the eyes" or other mythical or universal conditions that they pay off. Backache, like headache, is a symptom common enough and vague enough to lend itself to such exploitation; while the wording of the ads is usually carefully within the law, they do their best to suggest that a pain in the back is a certain indication of some disease of the kidneys. Sometimes it is, of course, and can be excruciating. But it is rare; nephritis does not as a rule produce backache. It is more likely to manifest itself in a chronic headache and puffy ankles.

*That chess is pre-eminently
"the" game of skill*

The brooding expressions assumed by chess players, the clouds of smoke and the abysses of silence into which they retire, the quaintness of the pieces and the strangeness of the terminology they employ have supported the opinion — which they industriously disseminate — that chess is a game requiring tremendous skill and intellectual capacity. It is easier to agree than to investigate, and few voices have been raised to challenge the assumption.

A sprinkling of heretics have always

maintained that despite the ease of its initial presentation chess is really a harder game, but they have been ignored with silent scorn. Professor John Neumann, a mathematician at the Institute for Advanced Study, has boldly asserted that chess is merely a game of chance, that "white," which has the first move, can always win, though he grants that if "black" is wily he can play a defensive game and may possibly achieve a tie.

That Nature maintains a "balance"

The "balance of nature" is a teleological illusion. It is true that whole animal communities act as a biological unit and secure the optimum populations for all, and it is true that man's interference has often produced catastrophic and unexpected consequences. But this is an indication of man's ignorance, not of Nature's "balance." Animal populations are unstable, as the vast number of extinct species mutely witness, and each species on its departure must have destroyed whatever balance existed. Environments, upon which the ecological community is absolutely dependent, are in a state of flux and nothing approaching the stability necessary for a balance of nature could be found outside of a laboratory.

That Negroes are "naturally happy"

If Negroes are naturally happy (sometimes "happy-go-lucky"), their happiness has some strange manifestations. Dr. Frederic Wertham, who maintains a charitable psychiatric clinic in Harlem, finds that Negroes are neurotic in the same proportion as whites. Dr. James L. Halliday finds that peptic ulcers are increasing among Negroes at more than three times the rate of increase in whites. Their infant mortality continues to be three times that of the rate among whites. Their life-insurance rates are from ten to twenty per cent higher than those for whites of the same age and occupation. This, the companies explain, is because they are subject to more diseases and live amid more violence and danger. Their "natural" happiness has, of course, a functional value to those who believe in it: if they are naturally happy, then those that are unhappy are, obviously, living an unnatural life in Harlem or Chicago and should not be encouraged.

That the Chinese esteem birds' nests as a delicacy

That the Chinese eat birds' nests has long been conclusive proof to the common occidental that orientals are

ludicrous, inscrutable and disgusting. In so far as any thought is given to the matter, the comestible in question is probably assumed to be something like a peculiarly unsavory and indigestible shredded wheat; whereas the nests eaten are actually composed of a sort of gelatin, exuded from special glands in the mouth of a certain genus of swift and refined of its impurities at great cost. Not many Chinese eat them, at that, because not many can afford them. We who regard the secretions of cows and bees as especially wholesome; who pay fabulous sums for the aborted eggs of sturgeon and the diseased livers of geese; who perfume our women with wax scraped from the genitalia of cats and the greasy spew of bilious whales, have so little margin of superiority that we have to make the most of what we can.

That savages are callous killers

The cartoonist usually represents the cannibal as eating his enemy with relish, and the Indian of boys' stories always takes a "fiendish" delight in murdering his captives. In reality the savage is far more remorseful about killing than the civilized man. Almost all savages are hedged in by heavy restrictions until they have atoned for the murders done in battle by long and severe penances.

HOW THE SOVIETS RAVAGED GERMAN ART

BY ELIZABETH FAGG

AMERICAN GI's in Germany tell a story about the typical Soviet soldier. Out of Russia for the first time, he was stationed in Berlin after the war's end. He had captured a German alarm clock. Excitedly, he carried his new possession to a Berlin watch repairman. Thumping it down before the astonished German, he commanded, "I want this clock cut up into four wrist-watches."

Official Soviet treatment of German art has more than resembled this soldier's way of treating a clock. In their removal of art treasures from Eastern Germany and Berlin, Russian soldiers destroyed through a kind of primitive dumbness just about as much as they carried off. Germany's wrecked museums today bear witness to Russian violence and inefficiency. From the moment Stalin's forces occupied Germany, they had made it clear that the USSR, unlike the other three occupying powers, regarded art treasures as legitimate booty of war. Soviet authorities immediately set up

in Berlin a fine arts outfit which was called — in absolute candor — "The Soviet Trophy Commission." Popularly dubbed "The Trophean," it went furiously to work living up to its name.

Within a year after the Russian entry, Eastern Germany and the Soviet sector of Berlin were stripped of artistic and cultural treasures. Immense quantities of renowned museum objects cherished by art lovers the world over — "Old Masters," tapestries, fine libraries, famous collections of statuary, coins and *objets d'art* of all kinds — were moving eastward, often in open boxcars, unwrapped and exposed to the rain. When ordered to remove a bas-relief from one museum, the Russians shaved the wall, harvesting only rubble and dust. They dragged a magnificent Egyptian relief of the Ancient Empire (2500 B.C.) down a stairway, bumping the soft, easily chipped limestone from step to step. A rare Chinese drum of the first century A.D. was likewise bounced

ELIZABETH FAGG recently spent a year in Europe on assignments for various national magazines. She was formerly chief of the bureau in Mexico City for Time, Inc., and she has also represented the Christian Science Monitor in the same city.

down the stairs, its bronze frame battered and bent. When exquisite antique furniture would not fit into available boxes, it was chopped up and made to fit. Valuable old prints were hastily ripped from their mats and the corners left pasted on the mats. Beautiful archaic Greek statues of Olympia, the joy of the Kaiser-Friedrich museum, were shipped face down, their classic profiles unprotected.

"They slung fragile, precious things around like sacks of potatoes," one German eyewitness said to me. "It was heartbreaking."

The Trophean was directed by art experts, anthropologists and librarians from Russia. Army officers, however, directed the actual work, and used the first available soldier at hand for labor. These officers witnessed the crude destruction, but were perhaps no more skilled than the soldiers themselves in the handling of art objects. Consequently, Germany's actual losses, plus damage from neglect, ignorance or just plain willful destructiveness, may one day rank Soviet "trophying" among the great instances of cultural despoliation in the history of the Western World.

The story of the Kremlin's looting of German art has trickled out of Germany belatedly. There are several reasons. East Germany — which has been called the Zone of Silence — is

isolated from the West. News comes by subterranean channels, and many people are afraid to talk. One German museum curator, for instance, who still worked in the Soviet part of Berlin, agreed to receive me in his home in the American sector. Learning my purpose, however, he immediately began to complain that he couldn't understand English, and within ten minutes had fled on the excuse of another appointment. An assistant left behind said sadly, "Dr. X can't talk. He has a family and cannot afford to be courageous."

In the second place, German art collections were scattered by the war. Parts had been stored in air-raid depots spotted all over the countryside. Other parts had been left in the museums. Some buildings, hit during military action, were partially or totally destroyed. Then, at the end of hostilities, looting by DP's, German hoodlums and individual soldiers began. When the Russians started carting off stuff by the carload, confusion became supreme. For a long time no one could be sure where anything was.

Today, however, reports have been received from German art experts who are in a position to talk (some have escaped the Soviet zone to tell their story) and from American Monuments and Fine Arts men in Germany; they no longer leave any

doubt that Russia ravaged German art just as completely as it ravaged German industry. And this was very complete: 50 per cent of the Soviet zone's industrial capacity went eastward in the summer of 1945. (Only a fraction is believed to have arrived in usable condition.) In Berlin the Kremlin might as well have been sole occupying power, so far as art is concerned. Berlin's museum collections, among the choicest in Europe, had suffered some decimation from bombing and artillery fire. But they were still largely intact when Russian soldiers arrived. By one means or another, what was left in the city came gradually under Russian control.

11

In what now seems a moment of incredible weakness, the Western Powers played directly into Russian hands by agreeing, in September 1945, to place Berlin's museums under unilateral instead of quadri-partite control. Nearly all the important museum buildings are located in the Soviet sector; notably, the Altes museum, the Neues museum, the Pergamum museum, the Kaiser-Friedrich museum, the National Gallery, the Schlossmuseum and the Zeughaus. Most of these are in that area of the city's center known as "The Museum Island," a mecca for pre-war tourists. Two huge concrete air-raid shelters crammed with treas-

ures evacuated from museums and private collections were also in Russian territory — the Flakturm Friedrichshain and the bunker in the Zoological Garden. The agreement thus placed virtually all of Berlin's art properties under Russian administration.

Long before the agreement, however, Stalin's men had swung into action. They were busily "confiscating" art properties before other Allied troops put foot in the streets of Berlin. To the Germans they said, "We're saving this stuff from the Americans, who would steal it all." Before the Americans had sighted the Reich capital, the Russians had practically emptied the tower in the Zoo. Its contents represented in value about one-fourth of the total property of the Berlin State museums. The prize haul was the world-famous Pergamum Altar, an enormous and beautiful architectural piece some 124 feet long, 113 feet broad and 30 feet high, with a flight of soaring steps. It was brought to Germany in the nineteenth century from its acropolis in Asia Minor, where it was built in the second century B.C. The Pergamum Altar was the pride of the Pergamum museum, which was built in Berlin to house it fitly, and a shrine for all who worshipped architectural beauty. German scholars know that the altar, at least, was handled with the utmost

care. Three German museum curators were ordered to show Russian soldiers how to dismantle and ship it. The Russians toiled away three full weeks on the job, packing the huge and heavy panels safely between thick wooden blocks.

By the time of the Potsdam conference in July, deep inroads had been made on the Potsdam castles which are in Soviet territory on the outskirts of Berlin. To this charming group of buildings — the eighteenth century residence of Prussian kings — the Nazis had evacuated various collections from the Schlossmuseum. The castles' rich furnishings included superb Italian sixteenth century furniture.

Movement about the conference area was highly restricted, and newsmen chafed at the guarded portals. Delegates, it will be recalled, traveled from Berlin to Potsdam along a "corridor." They saw truckloads of furniture coming out of Potsdam as truckloads of guns were carried in. But in those balmy days, Western delegates were overlooking what the Russians were doing to the property at Potsdam, just as they overlooked several other Russian maneuvers at the conference. But a German administrator of the castles, who later escaped to the American Zone, finally protested the roughhouse handling of property. The Russian officer

in charge ordered him to hold his tongue. Not long afterwards the body of a German janitor, who had also spoken his mind, was found dangling from a tree in the Potsdam gardens. His example was pointed out to the administrator. The latter believes today that only an ironclad record against Nazism saved his neck.

Whim alone seems to have determined some of the choices. The Russians carried away the entire Schlossmuseum library and all the Asiatic Indian library. But from other libraries they removed books capriciously and without system. From the State Art library, for instance, they hauled off 56 cases of books of recent acquisition and no great rarity. Copies of the museums' publications, stored in the Pergamum museum cellars, were picked up willy-nilly. They carted off from the Museum of Ethnology around two hundred card-index drawers, but left behind the rest of the file and the collection to which it belonged. They took the entire Phonographic Archive — thousands of recordings of German and foreign music — without the card-index which renders the collection intelligible.

The Prehistoric Department lost all its important pieces, including the precious gold-wrought objects from ancient Troy, known as "The Treasure of Priam," and gold pieces of the eighth century B.C. Eberswalde

Treasure. Such archeologic rarities as the skeletons of *Homo Mousterienses* and *Homo Aurignacensis*, plus finds from many German, Scandinavian, Upper Italian and Southeast European excavations, were also lost. The Department of Antiquities was cleaned out. About 1880 wonderful ancient Greek and Roman sculptures, including such favorites as *The Standing Goddess*, *The Seated Goddess*, and *The Praying Boy*, were taken. Also seized were all the exhibited movable architectural fragments of Greek and Italian origin. Only the lighter, upper portions were removed in some instances, and the massive bases left. The Russians also hauled off about 7000 ancient vases, including the impressive Amphiaras Crater; about 9000 Greek and Roman antique gems; and some 6500 terracottas, among which were the best Tanagra pieces.

The Egyptian Department, particularly rich in prizes, lost many of its magnificent exhibits: the Tomb of Meton, the best reliefs from Abusir and from the Sun Temple in Abu-Gurab; steles [inscribed pillars] of the Middle Kingdom; stone coffins of the Late Period; numerous statues, including the Narm Monkey, and countless other exhibits. Lists of "the missing" are now in the hands of Monuments and Fine Arts men; they could go on almost indefinitely.

III

The most appalling single instance of artistic loss in Berlin, however, was from fire in the Flakturm Friedrichshain, which was blamed by many on Russian carelessness. The Friedrichshain was a treasure trove of splendid old paintings from the Kaiser-Friedrich museum, especially the largest paintings; it contained the museum's great picture frames, which were too unwieldy to move outside Berlin, and some valuable anthropological and ethnological materials, plus property from the Schlossmuseum. When the Russians arrived in Berlin on April 23, this storehouse was intact, but four days after Berlin's capitulation, on the night of May 5, fire broke out on the first floor. German museum men had begged for guards. The Russians had had time to set them up. But adequate protection was not provided.

"Our best guess about what happened," says an American art officer then in Berlin, "is that vandals got in and, finding it dark inside, kindled papers. Straw and packing stuff lying around and the flimsy wooden partitions made it easy to start a fire."

After the disaster, the Germans pleaded again for guards. But a few days later, fire broke out on the second floor and the Soviet authorities in Berlin announced that all the

contents had been destroyed by the two conflagrations. They refused to permit any German exploration and excavation of the ruins for salvageable objects. This raised a commotion among the numerous foreign art experts then in Berlin on restitution missions, who opposed the arbitrary policy. In the midst of the stir, the Russians concluded the whole affair by announcing they had blown up the Friedrichshain.

German scholars believe that some five hundred canvasses of highest artistic value were lost — paintings by Rubens, Van Dyke, Dürer and other old masters. The collection also included around five hundred Italian and German sculptures of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance (several of them by Donatello, Rossellino and other masters); a number of gorgeous tapestries; many large and beautiful Italian altar-pieces; the choicest Peruvian and Mexican pre-Columbian objects; dozens of glass paintings from Bavaria and the Tyrol, and countless other highly esteemed museum prizes.

Notwithstanding Russia's dogmatic statement about total destruction, a number of objects known to have been stored in the Friedrichshain have come mysteriously to light. Photographs of some, in the condition in which they survived the fires, are in the files of art experts in the United States. They include 22 Italian and

Dutch sculptures, 12 bronzes, and various pieces of old porcelain and glass. Other Friedrichshain objects popped up in the strangest manner on the Berlin black market, where the Russians have used German "fences" to dispose of confiscated German property.

The *cause celebre* of the Friedrichshain scandal was the "Affair Kamensky." Graf Kamensky, who ran an art shop in the American sector, had the temerity to offer for sale a well-known canvas which belonged to the Kaiser-Friedrich Museum. It had been evacuated to the Friedrichshain and every art scholar assumed it was now in ashes and cinders. Entitled *Saint Augustin, the Donner, and Saint John the Baptist*, it was from the brush of the Flemish painter Albert Bouts (circa 1485). American Military Government seized it and questioned Kamensky, who said significantly that he had gotten it from a high Russian officer. It was confiscated as stolen property.

In the Soviet zone outside Berlin the fate of art properties has been similarly unhappy. The Museum of Dresden has been sacked. Here the Russians selected the best paintings — 1695 masterpieces by Rubens, Claude Lorrain, Raphael, Titian and many comparable artists. They disdained fourth- and fifth-rate for-

eign works and the sentimental nineteenth century German paintings with which der Führer had showered the institution. Among the missing is Raphael's beloved *Sistine Madonna* which now hangs, according to unconfirmed reports, in the new Dresden Room in a museum in Moscow.

From the Dresden Munzekabinet the fine antique gold and silver coin collection was unceremoniously dumped out of display trays into sacks. This was a sacrilege to make scholars shudder, for friction damages the pristine quality of old coins. The Renaissance carvings in boxwood for modeling coins, the old plaster casts and wax impressions—significant documents in numismatic history, but of no particular market value—were abandoned. Catalogues were also left behind and became a water-soaked mass. The coins may already have been melted down or lost completely; if not, scholars would still need years to reassemble the collection as an understandable entity—should they ever get their hands on it again. The Museum of Gotha's contents were also confiscated, as "capitalistic property." They belonged to the estate of the former Duke of Saxon-Coburg-Gotha. The Dresden museum and those in Berlin are state properties. But privately or state-owned, art property of every kind was swept shamelessly into the Soviet maw.

All this time the Western powers occupying Germany were busily working along very different lines—trying to get back to rightful owners, both German and foreign, the mountains of artistic materials that had fallen to their respective administrations. In Western Germany, as in the Eastern zone, this included German-owned museum and private art, as well as the mass of plunder that the Nazi's systematic looting had assembled from conquered countries. Restitution of the plundered and displaced treasures by the West has succeeded on a scale that at first seemed impossible. Authentic German property, held in custody for a sorting-out period, has been handed back to the Germans. Nazi-stolen art, dug out of caves, saltmines and other caches, has gone by trainloads back to the dispossessed countries of Europe—including Russia.

Russian restitution, however, has followed expected channels. Nazi plunder belonging to Soviet satellite countries has been returned. But only token restitutions have gone to countries of the West. And though Communist restitution missions moved freely about Western Germany, missions from Western Europe have never been allowed access to the Soviet area. The German Socialist Unity (Communist) party voiced the Kremlin's point of view about looting

when it said the USSR has every right to help itself to Deutschland art in retaliation for the ruin left by Hitler in Russia. Reich troops did loot along the route to Stalingrad. They picked up as much plunder as they could lay hands on — everything from jewelled icons to an enormous fountain torn out of the streets of Leningrad. Industrial property in the line of march was ripped to pieces. Russia's most beautiful city, Kiev, was heavily damaged.

But Communist looting in Germany seems hardly justifiable simply

because it has been patterned after Nazi conduct — particularly when it is contrasted with the extraordinarily civilized attitude toward conquered art adopted by Russia's allies. Even those who accept Stalin's reparations program on German industry cannot stomach the despoliation of German art. For the unique and permanent tragedy of Soviet ravages is that where lathes and turbines are ultimately replaceable, paintings, rare books and tapestries are not. Maltreated art treasures are hopelessly mutilated or forever lost.

LOVE SONG

BY E L M A D E A N

If never again, in the hours of darkness, your hand
touch me in love, and never
your lips make the magic of words; and if I,
lonely at the morning window, wait for whatever
small sun there may be without you, beloved —
then come as you said: surround me . . . the fear
will be closer than breath. You will not
be the cold one, the lost. Oh, in the new silence,
be near.

Be in the song the bird with the red throat sings
at the time of the green fern's unrolling. Make sure
my fumbling feet on paths where, in lighthearted springs,
today was forever. Oh, make me a sign!
Be sun on my head; be earth; even speech for a stone;
but make it some intimate way I will know —
don't leave me alone.

A PSYCHOLOGIST LOOKS AT PSYCHOTHERAPY

BY VERNON B. TWITCHELL, M.B.A., LL.B., PH.D.

This is the eighth in the MERCURY series of discussions of various forms of the healing art. The case for lay psychotherapy is presented by Dr. Twitchell, who received his graduate education in Boston and Harvard Universities. His doctoral dissertation was entitled The Psychotherapy of Alcohol Addiction, and he has practiced extensively with alcoholics. He is a member of the American Psychological Association, the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and the Research Council on Problems of Alcohol. He is listed in American Men of Science. Dr. Farmer practices medicine in New York City.

ANY discussion of the field of psychotherapy must begin with an attempt to untangle some of the popular confusion about psychoanalysts and psychologists, their respective rôles, and the distinction between medical and non-medical analysis. The medical profession, which already dominates the official channels of psychoanalysis, is attempting today to control the use of all the techniques of psychotherapy. It is important therefore to discuss this problem from the standpoint of the growing group of non-medical clinical and consulting psychologists who can contribute more to the nation's mental health than their orthodox brethren — not in the field of insanity and psychotic personality, but in the treatment of the everyday neuroses that seem to accompany industrial civilization.

To be more specific, medical statistics indicate that 5 per cent of the population in the United States are committed to institutions for the insane at some time during their life, and the number is increasing. Another 5 per cent are more or less incapacitated by mental illness at some period, although not subject to commitment. This includes such biological and organic disorder groups as manic depressives, schizoid or paranoid personalities, senile paretics, etc. No consulting psychologist will deal with these types of psychotics, however; he will refer them instead to the police, to mental institutions, or to a psychiatrist, depending on the individual circumstances involved.

Again, there are persons in the twilight zone between neurotic and abnormal, who are spoken of as psy-

chopathic personalities. They include some drug addicts, alcoholics, pathological liars and swindlers. The consulting psychologist will treat such clients only in collaboration with an M.D.; or, after treatment by an M.D., he may assume responsibility for habit-retraining the individual.

Actually, the field of non-medical psychology is limited to a third group of disorders — to neuroses and similar behavior disturbances. Dr. Earl D. Bond of the University of Pennsylvania has estimated that there are 2.5 million neurotics in the United States (*Science Digest*, September 1947). *Fortune* magazine concluded in 1935 that “the nervous breakdown, which coincides roughly with what the medical profession labels neurosis, is almost as widespread as the common cold, and the chief source of misery in the modern world.” The phrase, “in the modern world,” is a significant clue to the large number of personality disorders which are primarily psychosocial rather than organic, although organic complications may result. These nervous conditions are due largely to impersonal urban life, mechanical industrial conditions, the confused and frustrating human relations encountered in the home and elsewhere. They are the province, not of the psychiatrist or the medical doctor, but of the psychologist and the psychological counselor.

Theodore Barrett has divided the field of psychotherapy between the clinical psychologist and the psychological counselor. The former deals with neurotics whose conduct seems inadequate or anti-social, who might be classed as “normally abnormal.” Such people are afflicted with “basic anxieties” — hysteria, obsessions and phobias, compulsions (as in kleptomania), escape mechanisms (as in conversion hysteria), hypochondria, neurasthenia, stuttering, sex malfunction, etc. The psychological counselor, on the other hand, deals with neurotics whose behavior is socially tolerable. Their defense mechanisms include bullying, attitudes of superiority, overt feelings of disgust, temper tantrums, fears, refusal to talk, simulated “toughness,” etc. A few seek solutions to their problems in “flights of the imagination,” or false-to-fact identifications. Many rationalize about life, making up excuses, alibis, or projecting blame on others. Their problems are being handled today by the psychological counselor. The case of Joe, a high school boy of sixteen, is a fine example of the new approach.

Joe had become annoyed by pimples on his face, and had purchased some salve from the local drug store, but the acne did not clear up. His mother suggested that he see a doctor, who gave him some “shots.” When this failed, a neighbor suggested that

he visit a psychological counselor. The counselor soon discovered that Joe's mother was divorced. The family lived in a good neighborhood, but their income was low. He found that Joe was very ambitious, that his mother, his teachers, neighbors and friends idealized him. They expected Joe "to be somebody." Consciously or unconsciously, Joe became aware of this "sense of expectation." He worked hard at school. He struggled toward the high goal which had been set for him. But a conflict raged within, for Joe knew that he was just the average young man. Tensions arose as he fell short of the goals which he had accepted for himself.

The counselor merely asked questions about his nervous tensions to discover these facts. And Joe himself gave one good answer to the question of reducing his emotional tensions. He said, "Set goals which I can attain. Don't set goals that are too high, even if my mother does want me to be the President of the United States." Joe was soon instructed in neuro-semantic relaxation. His acne cleared up. He is an attractive looking young man of eighteen now. Though such conditions may clear up without the guidance of a psychologist, psychological retraining does help the organism as a whole.

Take still another example of modern frustration: It has been estimated

statistically that fully a million children in the United States suffer from some kind of behavior disorder. Six-year-old Mary, for instance, brought her bus fare each day to the teacher for safekeeping; not once or twice, but half a dozen times each day she came to the teacher to ask if her dime was still there. One pupil called her "worry britches," which accentuated the problem by defining her personality in a negative pattern. The teacher assured her that the dime was still there, but she often added, "Don't worry so much." On another day, when cookies and milk were being distributed on the playground, Mary became concerned over her ten-year-old brother. She asked the teacher in charge if he got his cookies and milk, too.

When Mary showed evidence of stuttering, she was referred to the speech correction teacher, who in turn suggested consulting a psychological counselor. The counselor suggested that the teacher tell Mary, when she became worried about her carfare, to "go and see." This neuro-semantic retraining helped Mary to look for the facts herself, rather than depend on the teacher to solve her problems. Instead of letting her focus her attention continuously within herself, the teacher now trained Mary to look for the solutions which lay outside herself.

In addition, the counselor went a step further. In a conference with Mary's parents he learned that she wet the bed. More important, he discovered that her father had opened a retail store and business was none too good. Each evening the man was greeted by his wife, who asked, "How was business today?" Of course, Mary was too young to understand what the word "business" represented, but she did pick up from the emotional tone the fact that something was wrong. The counselor did not ask for a half dozen or more interviews. He merely suggested that the parents stop talking about business when Mary was present. Both problems, speech and bed-wetting, disappeared with improved emotional adjustment.

The importance of the psychological counselor has been discovered not only in the home and at school, but in industry and business as well. Research has revealed a definite correlation between industrial accidents and emotional imbalance. Likewise, inefficiency and low production output have been proved to be due largely to personality maladjustment. A study at the Hawthorne plant of the Western Electric Company (*Management and Morale*, by Fritz Roethlisberger) showed that increased employee production could be achieved not so much by improved working conditions or increased pay, but by relieving

some of the emotional tensions which the employees dragged along with them in their nervous systems. These disturbances stemmed from conflicts in the home, loss of girlfriends, financial worries, etc. In 1948 about 6.57 per cent of practicing psychologists were engaged by business and industry, according to a study of the employment of 2477 psychologists by John D. Black.

II

Out of their practical experience in dealing with people, clinical psychologists have discovered and are now using five distinctive techniques. As remarkable developments, they can be compared with the contribution of Einstein in the physical sciences, but are far more important because of the present cultural lag in the realm of human relations. These techniques are: (1.) psychoanalysis, (2.) tests and testing, (3.) general semantics, (4.) psychodrama, and (5.) non-directive therapy.

Early in the century, the contributions of Sigmund Freud were introduced into this country under the name of psychoanalysis. Freud sought to "make the unconscious conscious"; by verbalization, he attempted to discover the meaning and present bearing of experiences about which the client was not aware. As these hidden meanings were revealed, the

conflict was either eliminated or consciously revised or rejected; as a result, the person was relieved and improved. According to Theodore Reik in *Listening with the Third Ear*, Freud "considered himself first and last a psychologist":

He takes it for granted that psychoanalysis is not a special branch of medicine. "I cannot understand how one can resist recognizing that psychoanalysis is part of psychology, not medical psychology. . . . One should not be deceived by the possibility of its application to medical purposes. Electricity and X-ray are also applied to medicine, but the science of both remains physics."

Freud had another hunch [said Reik]; he did not accept the official view of the physician who explained hysteria as a physically determined disease, but thought of it as resulting from emotional conflicts. He felt that the generally valid theory of psychiatry did not explain the genesis and the nature of the neurosis, but he preferred . . . to consider neurosis as an emotional disturbance.

As the result of the work of Freud, Jung and Adler, there developed in Europe a group of non-medical analysts, who were relatively free of "medical prejudices" as to the physical nature of all illness. But in the United States, the fields of orthodox and neo-orthodox Freudian psychoanalysis were captured completely by

the medical profession. Consequently, a member of the American Psychoanalytic Society, to become a medically-recognized psychoanalyst, must first become a doctor of medicine, and second, a psychiatrist. All non-medical therapists who use the principles of psychoanalysis are classed only as depth psychologists, lay analysts, dynamic psychologists, etc. (Further, the medical profession is now attempting to control the use of all the other techniques involved in psychotherapy: tests and testing, general semantics, psycho-drama, non-directive psychotherapy, and the new dianetic therapy formulated by L. Ron Hubbard.)

Fortunately, today's methods of psychoanalysis are much more effective in both Europe and America. Dr. Fritz Kunkel, with his emphasis on the "we psychology," has shifted the goal from adjustment on the part of the client with himself to adjustment with the group and responsibility in the group. Other analysts recognize the basic need for retraining the client after the "complex" has been uncovered. In addition, many analysts delay the verbal expression of their own evaluation until the client makes the discovery himself. Or they help him by rephrasing his statement. The major criticisms of modern psychoanalysis — that it takes too long, is too costly, that it often

discovers the causes of the disturbance but does little to retrain the person — seem legitimate; but many psychologists insist that they can get at the behavior problem without the use of vague terms, dream analysis, and other seemingly magical devices.

The second technique of psychotherapy is psychological testing. The universities have made the greatest contributions in this area, supplying psychologists with a battery of tests for vocational aptitudes, intelligence, personality, etc. Consulting psychologists seldom use these tests if the client is emotionally upset, as they seem to accentuate the condition, but there seems to be some scientific accuracy about them, which clinical psychologists consider important. Unfortunately, many psychologists who use such tests seem to be unmindful of the sociological implications. For instance, of what value is a vocational test which reveals skill in classical music, if the individual does not have the money for proper training, or if jazz eliminates the cultured musician by pushing classical music into the background of our cultural life?

In 1933, two group techniques came into use which have proved of increasing importance to psychologists; namely, general semantics and psychodrama. These techniques are used in public schools to improve teaching,

and were used in World War II for the rehabilitation of victims of combat fatigue.

General semantics is a revolutionary method for training persons to use the scientific method in their everyday human relations. It offers a group technique in which the "maps," or evaluations, of a client are checked and re-checked with the "territory," or everyday experiences, in the same way that the engineer surveys territory before laying out his blueprint for constructing a bridge or dam. This means that the client must be retrained to think properly, so that he sees each situation realistically, instead of phrasing it in the same old emotional terms which have kept his nervous system in a state of chronic malfunction.

There are at least six psychological tools for retraining such a client's nervous system to function properly: (1.) delaying reactions, to correct his impulsive, emotional conduct; (2.) neuro-semantic relaxation exercises, (showing him how words take on false emotional connotations, etc.) for unifying the physical organism-as-a-whole; (3.) overcoming his "allness," or overly positive attitudes; (4.) emphasizing *differences* over and over, as a method for correcting his false-to-fact identifications; (5.) helping the client to build multi-valued scales in place of the "either-or" pattern which

may be at the root of his conflicts; (6.) starting with facts, rather than “reversing the order” by starting with biased opinions. All of which adds up to retraining the client’s nervous system to be more skilled in “abstracting” data and using it more effectively.

This method of psychological retraining produces individuals who are more open-minded and flexible in their behavior; it increases emotional balance, objectivity and proper social adjustment — in a word, it leads to greater maturity and sanity. The discipline was formulated by the mathematician and engineer, Alfred Korzybski, and published in *Science and Sanity*.

In psycho-drama, a group meets to re-enact some personality problem which bothers an individual. The client may actually play the rôle, thereby re-living the incident, or he may watch some other person re-enact the situation — first, as it supposedly happened, and then in a series of alternative responses by which he might have met the troubled situation. From these re-enactments, the client gets clues which he can use in his own way. There is no reciting of memorized lines. Verbal spontaneity and the “reversing of rôles” proceed unrehearsed, and the individual is helped to work out his own problems in and through the group. This tech-

nique was originally developed by Dr. J. L. Moreno (*Psychodrama*, Volume I).

The non-directive techniques of Carl Rogers (*Counseling and Psychotherapy*, 1942), have been adopted by many psychologists. By this method, they help the client to make his own diagnosis, as well as to work out the solutions involved. Since the client carries out the treatment, he sees its reasonableness through his own acceptance and understanding of the causes. A typical case will illustrate the point:

Five years ago, Peter, an eighteen-year-old boy, came to a clinical psychologist because he classed himself as a homosexual. He had been to one doctor who hinted that castration was the only cure, and another had been giving him hormone shots. The psychologist began by gathering his history in the form of a social case record, which by-passed psychoanalysis. Peter wrote out the history himself, then read it at the next interview, because the psychologist thought that some activity on the part of the client was an important step in accentuating new behavior. From this history, Peter was then asked to select the points which revealed his former sex behavior — his companions, identification with his father, father substitutes, feelings of guilt, etc. With regard to companions, the psycholo-

gist and Peter worked out a plan for contacts with the opposite sex. This was checked weekly on a chart which noted contacts and growing intensity of attraction. Father-identification was broached by getting Peter to search out for himself the ways in which he differed from his father, and this problem, too, was indexed and dated. Types of women were stressed when the problem of marriage was discussed, and that same year Peter was far enough along to get married. Whether he was completely cured is not the question — the psychologist was at least trained to deal with the problem in a more mature and sane manner than his medical predecessors.

III

It is notorious that medicine has long been the avowed enemy of psychology. Dr. Fishbein, the former editor of the *American Medical Association Journal*, attempted to crucify Freud and his significant contributions to dynamic psychiatric thinking. The best interests of the public and the psychological profession might therefore be far better served by maintaining the independent integrity of the psychologist, who should at no time be dominated by an untrained and unsympathetic medical practitioner. As Dr. William White wrote in his autobiography, "The average medical man is, by and large, about as

thoroughly lacking in information as to the significance of mental factors in relation to disease as is the average layman."

Even if it is argued that the medical viewpoint has changed within the past ten years, the fact remains that there are hardly enough medically-oriented psychological practitioners in existence to treat the ever-increasing number of emotionally disturbed people. Under these circumstances it does not seem feasible or wise to give the medical profession exclusive rights in this field. It could only result in nation-wide disaster, with a million or more patients seeking psychological help from a source ill-equipped to handle them.

What is necessary is a clear line of demarcation between the *bona fide* medical sphere and the psychological sphere of practice. Pills, drugs, and surgery are the tools of medicine. Counseling, neurological retraining and psychotherapy are the tools of the psychologist. Coöperation is the answer — just as biochemist, nurse and technician all work together with the physician for the commonweal.

In the main, the consulting psychologist works in the field of prevention. He is not dealing with physical ailments which are organic, but rather with the irritations which arise from social maladjustments. Just as nurses or public accountants are certified in

the interest of the public welfare, or barbers are licensed, just so definite steps should be taken to protect the public in this field of growing importance. Regulation of the psychologist by licensing or certification is a necessity. That is certain. It is a legal measure instituted to protect the general public from the incompetent practitioner. Licensing helps to determine the competency of doctors, dentists, osteopaths, chiropractors, lawyers, etc. Each of these professional groups set up their own professional standards, which determine their continued independent existence. Very much the same is required of the psychologist. They — and not the doctors, dentists, or chiropodists — must devise a set of professional standards by which the public can best be served. When that is done the physician and the psychologist can coöperate as equals in the professional sphere.

But the proper education of a psychologist has never been agreed upon. The three states with laws governing the practice of psychologists — Connecticut, Virginia, and Rhode Island — require a Ph.D. in psychology. However, the doctor of philosophy degree has long been the badge of persons trained to become college professors or research workers. And universities limit the number of applications for this degree so strictly

that relatively few men can gain entrance.

A study of the educational background of psychologists by John D. Black reveals the present attitude of many of those in the profession, "that the degree of Ph.D. is of no value in psychotherapy" (*The American Psychologist*, February 1949). Such prolonged training may result in book-minded psychologists, isolated from reality, and theoretical in their orientations. Black continues: "The majority of the applied work in psychology is performed by M.A.'s." Thus, M.A.'s do 62 per cent of the psychological work in VA hospitals, 77 per cent of the work in state hospitals and prisons, 75 per cent of the practice with state courts and commissions, and so on.

Instead of helping to set reasonable standards, one state makes it illegal for a psychologist to diagnose and treat, thereby preventing the very persons who are trained in psychotherapy from serving the community. The law reads, "It is illegal for anyone but a licensed practitioner of medicine (unless otherwise licensed by law) to diagnose or ascertain or establish any fact concerning the physical, mental, or nervous condition of the patient." While this regulation supposedly was inserted to outlaw quackery in the realm of psychotherapy, legal action was taken in one city against three

psychologists with Ph.D. degrees. One closed his office, but the other two protected themselves by becoming religious or metaphysical counselors. This regulation in the Business and Professional Code seems highly illogical, however, since the requirements for civil service examinations in this state for clinical psychologists include "practice in clinical psychology involving the examination, classification, diagnosis and treatment of individuals at various levels."

It is high time for every state to set standards and to encourage a more effective service in the profession of psychologist and consulting psychologist. This may be done on the following bases: (1.) qualifying examina-

tions, instead of a college degree; (2.) proof of consultation sessions with a qualified practicing psychologist, not necessarily a psychoanalyst, where the applicant is the client—this will help him to overcome his own personality limitations, which may impinge on or color his evaluations; and (3.) a period of clinical practice supervised by a psychologist. While one of the members of such a state board of examiners should be an M.D., in the main the board should be composed mostly of practicing psychologists, rather than professors. Only in this way can we set standards for a worthwhile new profession in the face of a growing need to safeguard the nation's mental health.

A PHYSICIAN LOOKS AT PSYCHOTHERAPY

BY LAURENCE FARMER, M.D.

BEFORE entering into a discussion of some of Dr. Twitchell's sweeping statements, it may be pertinent to determine more closely just what a "clinical psychologist" is. And here we encounter some difficulty, since even outstanding psychologists find it very hard to define "clinical psychology." Dr. Molly Harrower, who is psychological consultant to the United States Department of State,

believes "that we have at the present time, no discipline of clinical psychology in the same sense that we have medicine, law, dentistry or teaching. . . . To date, we are entitled to use the words, 'clinical psychology,' only to differentiate an area of interest or activity other than the academic, to which the academically-trained psychologist has devoted himself; that is, an interest in

particular persons — in patients, mal-adjusted children, delinquents, and adolescents.” And Dr. E. Lowell Kelly, professor of psychology at the University of Michigan and branch chief clinical psychologist for the Veterans Administration, gives the following “glib” definition (which he himself says is “not a really satisfactory answer”): “The clinical psychologist is a psychologist engaged in the application of psychology to the problems of individuals.”

What training has this ill-defined psychologist received which would qualify him so eminently to engage in the treatment of ill persons? Again I quote Dr. Harrower: “. . . by no stretch of the imagination can it be argued, or by wishful thinking asserted, that there is anything in the regular Ph.D. in academic psychology *per se* which remotely equips him to do therapeutic work.”

I am a member of the medical profession, and as such, though suspected by Dr. Twitchell of being an “avowed enemy of psychology,” I fully recognize, as do the majority of my colleagues, the important rôle clinical psychologists are playing in medical work today. For many years individual psychologists were employed in hospitals, educational institutions and child guidance clinics, working usually in conjunction with physicians. This coöperative endeavor was

often satisfactory to both psychologist and physician, but the sailing was not always smooth. Professional jealousies occasionally hampered the harmonious functioning of the various specialists; frequently, the stumbling blocks involved an insufficient understanding and appreciation of the other man’s specialty. Psychologists often speak and think in professional terms not easily comprehensible to the medical man, whose training in psychology is not always adequate. The following anecdote highlights such a situation:

An interne was instructed to have a patient examined psychologically. Lacking the necessary background, he believed that psychological examination meant only the determination of a patient’s I.Q. When the psychologist carried out this request and reported his findings, the interne, still unfamiliar with psychological terminology, interpreted them to indicate that the patient was normal. A psychiatrist, however, had his doubts about the “findings,” and asked if a Rorschach test had been taken. The interne made a mental note to get “a raw something done.” A Rorschach test was then administered by the psychologist and the results were reported in technical terms, which the interne again misunderstood. When finally pressed to declare whether the patient was neurotic or psychotic,

the psychologist made a quick stab and pronounced him neurotic. A few days later it became quite obvious that the patient was psychotic, and he was transferred to a psychiatric hospital. The interne was more or less disillusioned. "I certainly can't see any point in getting a patient psyched," he remarked. "First they say the man is normal, then he's neurotic, and all the time the guy's nuts!"

II

For many academic psychologists, the decisive trend away from pure research and teaching, to the treatment of abnormal human behavior problems, began with the entry of the United States into the recent war. First the armed services, and later the Veterans Administration recruited their help. Teams were formed consisting of psychiatrists, psychologists, and sometimes psychiatric social workers, with each profession contributing its special knowledge and skills. Similar units had previously functioned in some child guidance clinics, but large-scale neuropsychiatric teamwork came into existence during the war. Its contributions were striking and this form of coöperation has been continued in post-war civilian activities. The psychologists, with their knowledge of human behavior patterns and their techniques for the diagnosis and therapy of ab-

normal mental reactions, became invaluable members of such teams.

Although the psychiatrist, the clinical psychologist and the psychiatric social worker function as independent and equal members on these teams, the final responsibility, especially in questions concerning therapy, is delegated to the psychiatrist. This is frequently resented bitterly by the psychologist and this is, I presume, what Dr. Twitchell refers to when he speaks of "the independent integrity of the psychologist, who should at no time be dominated by an untrained and unsympathetic medical practitioner." But not all psychologists share this viewpoint. Dr. E. Lowell Kelly has gone on record concerning this question as follows:

Some one person on the clinic team must assume both the legal and moral responsibility for the welfare of the patient. On the basis of types of training and experience of present-day psychiatrists and clinical psychologists, I should, if I were a neuropsychiatric patient, certainly prefer to have this responsibility assumed by the psychiatrist. Naturally, I should want him to utilize the services of all available specialists, but I would not be happy to have him delegate me completely to any other professional person whose training and experience did not equip him to assume final responsibility for my total welfare.

Clinical psychologists are acting as therapists not only on teams; many work as independent therapists in schools, in child guidance clinics, in industry, and in private practice. In the opinion of Professor Carl Rogers of the University of Chicago, the "team approach" is destined "to play a smaller and smaller part in clinical practice"; he comes to the conclusion that psychologists "... increasingly will be practicing psychotherapy outside of, as well as inside, the medical framework" — a development which has led to grave concern and to serious disagreements between the medical profession and the clinical psychologists.

A majority of medical men believe, and they are supported by some clinical psychologists, that present-day training in psychology does not qualify psychologists to engage independently in therapy. They believe that no one can successfully treat any human being, irrespective of whether he suffers from bodily disease or mental derangement, without thorough knowledge of anatomy, physiology and pathology, not to speak of clinical medicine. The clinical psychologist is not trained in any of these disciplines. His training is limited entirely to the mental sphere; it does not enable him to know whether a person who is suffering from a mental condition may not also be suffering from a

bodily ailment. In fact, it does not even make it possible for him to tell whether a psychoneurosis may not simply be the expression of an organic disease. The danger of not recognizing organic disease is great. How easily such a disease can be missed by medically untrained persons is demonstrated by the following case:

A twelve-year-old girl had been under the treatment of a psychologist for a behavior problem. During the course of the treatment, the child was referred to a pediatrician for a routine checkup. The physician was asked by the psychologist to "ignore" some pain in the jaw, of which the child had been complaining for two weeks. The psychologist explained that the pains were due to psychological reasons and that they were being treated accordingly. On looking into the girl's mouth, the pediatrician found that she had an abscess which necessitated immediate surgical treatment. This physical cause for the child's pains had not even occurred to the psychologist, due to his lack of medical knowledge.

But even where there is awareness of organic disease a patient's complaints may be erroneously attributed to psychological reasons because of the difficulty of medical diagnosis. A woman in her late forties consulted a physician because she had been suffering from moderately severe stomach

pains for several weeks. Although the symptoms were very typical for ulcer of the stomach, careful examination, which included X-ray studies, did not confirm this diagnosis. In spite of bed rest, diet and medications, the patient's condition did not improve. On the contrary, her pains became more severe and the physician began to suspect that her complaints were due to psychological rather than organic causes. The patient had recently experienced personal and professional disappointments and she had been under considerable emotional strain. Besides she was in the "change of life." A few months later, the patient died and autopsy revealed a cancer of the digestive tract as the cause of her pain!

Many psychologists who clearly recognize these problems decline to treat patients other than in collaboration with a physician. Some of these psychologists are convinced that this arrangement is perfectly satisfactory, others would like to see the clinical psychologist's training broadened to include medical subjects. Dr. Lawrence S. Kubie, a psychiatrist and psychoanalyst, believes that the clinical psychologist of the future should receive additional "paramedical" training which would include anatomy, physiology and a certain amount of experience in medical and surgical wards and in dispensaries; all of which

would enable the psychologist "to understand the pathological physiology of organic disease."

Even if the clinical psychologist's training were conducted along such lines it is questionable whether he would be equipped to compete with a psychiatrist or a medical psychoanalyst in the treatment of patients. It is dangerous to argue that one should permit the clinical psychologist to practice psychotherapy independently, because there are not enough psychiatrists to meet the nation's needs. It would, of necessity, lead to a lowering of standards; and it would be as inconsistent as advocating that nurses be admitted to the practice of medicine, in order to combat the shortage of physicians.

In recent years a joint committee appointed by the American Psychiatric Association and the American Psychological Association has worked on a tentative program for joint training of psychiatrists and psychologists; it is hoped that this program will bring about closer coöperation between the two professions. To join forces, not to draw a "line of demarcation," as suggested by Dr. Twitchell, should be the aim.

III

Besides clinical psychologists, other non-medical persons (especially the so-called lay psychoanalysts) and some

members of the clergy are demanding the right of independent private practice of psychotherapy. The lay-analysts base their arguments on Freud's dictum that a psychoanalyst must not necessarily be a physician, and on the fact that a number of outstanding analysts have had training other than in medicine. As far as the latter argument is concerned, one can only answer that one cannot make the exception the rule. No one will suggest, I believe, that a lawyer should not be trained in an accredited law school, merely because Abraham Lincoln became an excellent lawyer without ever going to law school! And, without questioning Freud's authority, I believe that the stand of the American Psychoanalytical Association, which does not admit non-medical analysts to membership, affords necessary safeguards for the patient.

In Great Britain the clergy are

especially vocal in presenting their demands to be allowed to engage in psychotherapy, and they base their desire on arguments similar to those used by the clinical psychologists. "Many physicians," according to an English medical text on psychotherapy by Drs. Allison and Gordon, "not only have no special knowledge of the spiritual life of the patient but are so opposed to the spiritual point of view that they may do the patient a very great deal of harm by causing serious emotional conflict in the religious sphere. . . ." To which Drs. Allison and Gordon reply: "There is no doubt that there is truth in this contention and the future must decide whether there is more risk run by the patient in receiving psychotherapy from a doctor ignorant of theology or from a parson ignorant of medicine." Clinical psychologists: please take note.

PHRASE ORIGINS—66

GOSSAMER: *Most authorities agree that this word stems from a Middle English contraction of goose-summer. The latter was once a popular name for St. Martin's summer, as our Indian summer is known in England whenever it occurs in the first part of November; it was the custom then to eat goose on St. Martin's Day, November 11. Since the filmy cobwebs we know as gossamer were most in evidence at that time of year, "goose summer" was gradually transferred from the season itself to its most characteristic natural phenomenon. Similarly, the Germans, Swedes and Dutch all refer to gossamer as "summer threads."*

LOUIS JAY HERMAN

THE CHERRY SISTERS

BY ALAN HYND

WHEN, recently, an elderly and ungallant connoisseur of modern reading matter laid hands on *The Beloved Woman*, the new novel by Miss Nancy Bruff, author of *The Manatee* and *Cider from Eden*, and referred to Miss Bruff as the Cherry Sisters of literature, he made a remark that only a comparative handful of people, the shaky survivors of American theatrical audiences of half a century ago, could fully savor. Even George Jean Nathan, the acknowledged dean of theatrical criticism, had not come into full and caustic bloom when the Cherry Sisters, the world's worst actresses, were playing to packed and hilarious houses in the eastern half of the nation. It is entirely conceivable that had Nathan seen the Cherrys when they were ripe, he might have decided to become an explorer, an aviator, or even a sandhog — anything, in fact, that would have eliminated frequent and enforced occupancy of an aisle seat up front.

The Cherry Sisters, of whom there

were five, were, in the opinion of even the most charitable of critics, so bereft of talent of any kind, and so adept at displaying their bereavement, that they were deeply embarrassing to beholders in possession of any critical standards whatsoever. They were, from another point of view, so bad that they were good, and therein lay their success which, if it was notorious, was also, for a time, spectacular.

The Cherrys — Addie, Effie, Ella, Jessie and Lizzie — were triple-threat girls. They sang, danced and emoted, in cliché-ridden dramaturgical efforts of Effie's authorship. They played all characters, whether male or female, repellent or appealing, young, middle-aged or old. Their repertoire was so flexible that it could be accommodated to the specific demands of any theatrical occasion. They played vaudeville with a twenty-minute turn, and supplied a full evening's entertainment in legitimate theatres, opera houses, lodge halls, fire houses, tents, church basements, and lofts above

ALAN HYND, whose *"Murder in Hollywood"* appeared in the *MERCURY* for November 1949, is the author of *Passport to Treason*, *Giant Killers*, and several other books.

feed stores. A full evening began with a quintet rendition of what the sisters called a "glad" song, such as *Sweet Alice Ben Bolt*; included a play billed as a "dramatic thunderbolt," such as *The Gypsy's Warning*; and wound up with a recitation of the "sad" *Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight*.

The Cherry Sisters were, with ironic congruity, born in the corn belt. Their birthplace was a scraggly farm near a settlement called Marion, a few miles from Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Their parents, the John Cherrys, had appeared on the Iowa scene just after the close of the Civil War. The father was an unlettered man with a certain rough charm, the mother a delicate little woman who had apparently been carefully reared. There is a story current in Cedar Rapids today — a story that was tacitly supported by the sisters themselves — that their mother came from a landed family in England, that their father was a groom in the employ of the family, and that after the two were married the bride's parents banished the newlyweds, who came to America and settled in Iowa.

As they grew up, the girls certainly acted as if their mother, or somebody, had inculcated in them the idea that they were superior human beings. They developed a hauteur completely inconsistent with their looks and their little-red-schoolhouse education. As

they passed through their teens, their mother, now dead, seemed to wave a frail hand of disapproval from the grave when any young male bucolic showed signs of amorous interest in any of them; thus all five of them were doomed to spinsterhood.

In 1893, the sisters ranged in age from the middle teens to the middle twenties. Effie, the middle sister, and the most aggressive and articulate of the five, was twenty-one. Effie had certainly not been favored by nature. Her face had equine contours, her body was short and thick, and she had what one historian has described as a belligerent stance and a chin to go with it. The sum total of Effie's appearance was no worse, and no better, than that of any of the four other girls. About the only thing that could be said for them was that they didn't wear glasses. Sister Addie, from all accounts, bore something less than a remote resemblance to Miss Olive Oyl of the comic strips.

II

It was in 1893 that the sisters first appeared before the public. They whipped up an evening's entertainment in a little hall near home and charged a quarter admission to get enough money to go the World's Fair in Chicago. The receipts fell short of the objective, but the sisters contracted the stage virus.

The Cherrys immediately laid plans for their initial professional appearance. The site of this now-historic event was Greene's Opera House in Cedar Rapids. Greene's, to which admission was 10, 20 and 30 cents, played everything from road companies in Clyde Fitch melodramas to one-night stands of Maurice Barrymore, the immortal Eddie Foy, and dramas produced by the oncoming David Belasco. Thus when the Charming Cherrys, "Something Glad — Something Sad," as they billed themselves, essayed to hire Greene's for a night, they were seeking the approval of an audience which, while far from sophisticated, had at least a vague critical standard.

As it happened, a red-hot election campaign had just ended, and many patrons of the drama were, on the night of the Cherrys' debut, carrying on their persons horns that they had used in the struggle for votes. The Charming Cherrys flounced onto the stage in red-and-white calico dresses they had run up themselves, while a pianist in the pit vamped till they were ready. They burst into a strident off-key rendition of *Alice Ben Bolt*. Then came the one-act play, *The Gypsy's Warning*. In this work, Effie, the dramaturgist, socked home the message that the loss of virginity prior to marriage was a fate worse than death. The plot of the play, briefly,

was that an early-day wolf (portrayed by Sister Addie because of her deep voice) had designs on an innocent, unsullied maiden (portrayed by Lizzie), who was warned against the wolf by a gypsy (portrayed by Jessie).

Addie, in the wolf's rôle, was dressed as a Spanish cavalier, complete with knee breeches that revealed spavined limbs. She had leered just once at the virtuous maiden when, high up in the peanut gallery, a devotee of the drama blew a horn. Somebody in the balcony tittered. An orchestra customer guffawed. Another horn blew. Feet began to stomp. Soon everybody who had a horn was blowing it; others were yelling, whistling, stomping or hooting. The furies were in possession of Greene's Opera House.

The five actresses stepped out of character, grouped themselves on the apron of the stage and bowed in response to what they actually believed was tumultuous approval. The play resumed. When it reached a point where the Spanish cavalier hissed through his waxed mustache, the noise started up again. Once more the Cherrys took temporary leave of their characters to acknowledge audience reaction. It went that way for the rest of the evening. When the show was over, the sisters wept with joy. Who was Lillie Langtry? Who was Maude Adams? Who, for that

matter, was the so-called divine Sarah Bernhardt?

The girls went to Chicago and looked up theatrical booking agents. One ten-percenter, keeping a straight face while the girls auditioned, decided they could get by on the Chautauqua circuit.

The Chautauqua movement, then in its prime, had as one of its objectives the carrying of education, religion and entertainment to rural communities—a function that has since, theoretically, been usurped by the radio. A typical evening of Chautauqua, held in a tent, a church basement, or a hall of the Woodmen of America, chairs by courtesy of the local undertaker, comprised a blend of wholesome professional entertainment, followed by a religious or temperance lecture, topped off, in turn, by sponge cake and lemonade provided by the local ladies' aid society. The pay of the entertainers and the lecturers was negligible, but board and lodging in the home of a local religious or cultural leader was always provided. William Jennings Bryan was perhaps the most famous of the Chautauqua temperance lecturers; among entertainers, the one who subsequently went furthest was Edgar Bergen.

The Cherry Sisters sang and recited in Chautauqua in the Middle West for three years—from 1893 to 1896.

Critically, Chautauqua audiences were about on a par with radio studio audiences of today. They liked anything. In three years of Chautauqua, the five girls from Iowa were never exposed to adverse criticism.

Oscar Hammerstein, grandfather of the present Oscar (Rodgers-and-) Hammerstein, was, in the nineties, New York's greatest theatrical impresario. His Olympia Theatre on Broadway was the most glittering variety house of the day. Hammerstein signed the Cherry Sisters for an Olympia appearance on the theory that a really good bad act would be a box-office novelty.

III

On their opening night on Broadway, the Cherrys minced out awkwardly, in the very same red-and-white calico dresses they had worn in their Cedar Rapids debut more than three years before. They were overly made up, and survivors of the performance say that if valiant was the word for Carrie, ghastly was the word for the Cherrys. The audience had no sooner caught its breath than the sisters launched into a sad song entitled *She Was My Sister and Oh How I Miss Her*. The voices of the girls seemed to take turns in cracking. The rendition was, purely and simply, incredible. By the time the last note of the song was sent twanging on its way, there

was hardly a dry eye in the house. The audience had laughed until it cried.

The girls went into a dance. Now-aged eye-witnesses say that no subsequent deliberate burlesque of the art of Terpsichore, such as is currently practiced by Paul and Grace Hartman, has ever equalled the kicking around that the Muse of the Dance received at the feet of the Cherry Sisters on the Olympia stage that night half a century ago. The girls collided, got separated, were constantly out of step, stopped to adjust their coiffures, lost their balance and did just about everything else they shouldn't have done except fall into the orchestra pit.

After the dance, the sisters recited — with gestures totally unrelated to what they were saying. The recitation was followed by a glad song entitled *Three Cheers for the Railroad Boys*. That closed the act. The audience was so laughed out that it began to applaud. When the sisters retired to the wings, hot and flushed, they embraced one another, convinced that they were a resounding success.

Word of the Cherrys got around. The first shadows of coming events began to fall across their path. On their third night at the Olympia, somebody in the balcony threw a tomato on the stage. For some unexplained reason, theatre patrons in

those days seemed always to have the basic ingredients of a hearty meal on their persons. Soon the air was alive with cabbages, eggs, apples, tomatoes, turnips, bunches of radishes and sandwiches. The barrage was so heavy and so accurate that the Cherrys, dripping with the results, took to the wings.

Hammerstein, not wishing to lose a draw good for six weeks, explained to the actresses, whose naïveté was in inverse ratio to their talent, that the barrage of edibles was a resounding symbol of success — the work of paid agents of established stars jealous of new competition.

The sisters began to work behind a net. A net was not a new idea. James Owen O'Connor, a lawyer turned Shakespearean actor, was the first performer to use a net. In the eighties, O'Connor, whose repertoire company included a daughter of Brigham Young, was, like the Cherrys, so bad that he was an attraction.

During the Olympia run of the Cherrys, the net stopped enough assorted fruit and produce to start a small business. The sisters, however, were so sold on Hammerstein's explanation for the barrage, and so conditioned by circumstances against facing the facts of life, that they came to measure the success of a given performance by the volume of stuff stopped by the net.

On the strength of their Broadway run, the Cherrys received bookings for several years in large variety houses in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, Washington and Chicago, and in smaller cities in between. They received up to \$150 a week, which traveled five to ten times as far then as now, so that they were able to save almost two thirds of it. They were now established, with audiences and managers alike, as the country's outstanding bad actresses. The net had become standard equipment with them.

The century turned. The Spanish-American War had come and gone; Effie, the playwright, ever with a finger on the public pulse, had written a new dramatic thunderbolt entitled *America, Cuba and Spain*. Newspaper critics, deciding that the joke had gone far enough, began to roast the Charming Cherrys. The sisters countered with long, ungrammatical letters to their critics. Soon they were embroiled in a three-alarm feud with the press.

In 1900, the Des Moines *Leader* reprinted, without comment, an obscure critic's appraisal of the girls, in which Addie was called "a capering monstrosity," Effie "spavined," and the facial features of all five sisters "rancid." That touched off a legal skirmish that is still sometimes quoted by defense attorneys in libel actions.

The Cherrys sued the *Leader* for libel, and won, on the grounds that they had been held up to personal ridicule. The following year, the Iowa Supreme Court threw the case out on the grounds that personal ridicule may constitute an integral part of criticism of performers who appear before the public for financial remuneration.

IV

In 1903, ten years after they had turned professional, the sisters were back in Chautauqua. Jessie, oldest of the five, died. Bookings, even in Chautauqua, became more difficult to obtain. The remaining four sisters retired to the farm outside of Marion. Ella and Lizzie, although only around thirty, were content to call it a career. The sisters had a man to work the farm, they had money in the bank, and their living costs were only slightly above absolute zero. But Effie, just turned 31, and Addie, who was more like Effie than the other girls, were still full of fight and ambition. They decided to lick their wounds and plan for the future.

Early in 1908, fifteen years after their debut, when the girls ranged in age from the thirties to the early forties, the lightning struck again. Willie Hammerstein, son of the fabulous Oscar, was now operating the lush Victoria Theatre in New

York. He booked the Cherrys for a week.

The sisters were done to a crisp brown turn by the reviewer for *Variety*. The following week *Variety* published this letter, signed "The Cherry Sisters," but probably actually written by Effie:

In your issue of March 21 you had an article which was one of the most malicious, violent and untruthful writings we have ever read. The person who wrote it is not deserving the name of a man, but is instead a contemptible cur. You said in your paper that we advertised ourselves "the worst show on earth," which makes you a liar, point blank. We have always advertised ourselves as one of the best, and we would not be far from the truth if we said the best. Although we have the best act in vaudeville and are the best drawing card on the stage, we have no swelled heads, as some others have. We have had more knocking since we went into the theatrical business than any other act in the history of the world, and we have come to no other conclusion why this is done except we are not of the character of these unprincipled editors and managers who have done the knocking and slandering.

If the letter reflected the attitude of the Cherrys toward their critics, *Variety's* footnote to the letter mirrored the attitude of the critics toward the Sisters:

The Cherry Sisters are slightly mistaken that the article said they advertise themselves as "the worst show on earth." It mentioned the general opinion which obtained regarding their act.

The Cherrys retired once more to the farm in Iowa. The years rolled on. The sisters were unable to get a theatrical engagement of any kind. In 1922, Effie, the go-getter, who was fifty, opened a small bakery in Cedar Rapids. Her sisters helped her, and also sold needlework. The bakery failed. The sisters faced the twin spectres of old age and poverty.

Still the go-getter, Effie entered another kind of public life. If there was one thing she despised more than a dramatic critic, it was any kind of alcohol. She became a one-woman crusade against the speakeasies of her native Linn County. She smelled out the vile places and turned her information over to prohibition agents. Effie ran for Mayor of Cedar Rapids in 1924 on a reform platform. The voters decided that nothing needed reforming, and she was trounced.

Shortly afterward, Effie and Addie played a split week at the Orpheum Theatre in Des Moines. *Variety*, viewing the reappearance of the Cherrys in a regular theatre much as a city health department would view the first signs of an epidemic, got right on the job and sent a reviewer

from its Chicago office to cover the act. The sad and glad songs and the little dance and recitation had not improved with the years. *Variety* said:

"Perfectly terrible" was never more applicable. As terribleness, their act is perfection. The manager, who happens to be punished by having them placed on his bill, has only one opportunity — that of billing them as a comedy duo.

Effie ran for Mayor of Cedar Rapids again in 1926. She suffered a worse defeat than before. The sisters, through theatrical publications, kept abreast of doings in the entertainment world. In 1928, Effie took a bus to Chicago to see the first talking picture ever made — a short in which Al Jolson sang *April Showers*. Effie, who always prided herself on sensing a trend, went back to the farm and told her sisters that talking pictures would kill vaudeville. "We must prepare ourselves," she told the other girls, "for a career in Hollywood." Warner Brothers, the leaders with talkies, received several communications from Effie, offering the exclusive services of the sisters "at terms to be arranged."

Sister Ella passed on in 1934, leaving Addie, Effie and Lizzie. The latter, in failing health, had no wish to face an audience ever again. Not so Effie and Addie. They traveled east by bus to appear at a night club in New York named The Gay Nineties, which peddled nostalgia. Tallulah Bankhead, sitting at a ring-side table, burst into loud grief at the sight of the sad little old ladies. The sisters were canceled after the first performance.

Sister Lizzie died. Addie and Effie lost the farm, and moved to a Cedar Rapids rooming house. Addie died in 1942, leaving Effie alone.

In 1944, Effie, although 72, was still bubbling with plans. Her imagination had been captured by a beautiful young woman named Clare Booth Luce, who had become a member of the seventy-eighth Congress. Effie announced her candidacy for the United States Senate on a dry platform. While on her way to the post office to mail a controversial letter to the editor of the Cedar Rapids *Gazette*, Effie fell and broke her hip. A few days later the last of the Cherry Sisters took her final curtain call.



THE STATE OF DELAWARE

BY WILLIAM HINES

THE state of Delaware is only twice as big as the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg and somewhat less populous. Like Luxembourg, there is much historic but little practical reason for Delaware's existence, yet, like the Letzeburgers, the Blue Hen's Chickens have a fierce pride in their free citizenship in a sovereign state. And finally, the state is in some respects as much a grand duchy as Luxembourg.

There is some justification for the belief that states, like men, are motivated in adulthood by half-forgotten circumstances of their early days. Delaware was the runt of the litter in colonial times — as late as the 1750's it had only a technical independence from Pennsylvania — and was often overlooked in the pre-revolutionary turmoil. But when the revolution came Delaware had made up its mind, like a belligerent though undersized kid, that it would be the leader for a change. Too small to be the biggest and too bereft of harbors to be the

richest, it could — by God! — be first.

Delaware's haste to ratify the Constitution and thus to become the "First State" had precedent in feverishness in Caesar Rodney's ride eleven years earlier to sign the Declaration of Independence. Rodney's gallop from Dover to Philadelphia is commemorated everywhere in Delaware (even an air-charter service alludes to it in advertising the Age of Speed). A statue of Rodney & Horse in the civic center is one of the few things in Wilmington that isn't owned by, supported by, named after or dedicated to the du Ponts.

Since 1787 Delaware has lost much of its interest in national affairs. The state having only three electoral votes, its unconcern with the Republic has been, over the years, pretty well reciprocated. Delaware has never had a resident in the White House, either as man or wife; no chick of the Blue Hen has ever roosted on the Supreme Court bench; only four Delawareans

WILLIAM HINES, who has contributed articles on the University of Virginia (with Edward Cottrell) and the fresh-water colleges to past issues of the *MERCURY*, is now the editor of the *Manassas Journal* in Manassas, Va. This is the twenty-second in a series on the states.

have ever occupied cabinet posts, none since Cleveland's first term; none has ever served as Speaker, nor has anyone from Delaware ever been Vice-President.

On the credit side, for what it is worth, Delaware has handed the world a few literati — Henry Seidel Canby is an example — and some years ago the Carmelesque colony at Arden harbored geniuses and screwballs in about the usual bohemian proportions. The Shakespearean theatre there was notable for a while, and the showhouse in the du Pont Building in Wilmington still brings Thespis to Delaware in the form of road shows and occasional tryouts. Black and white in Delaware have their respective tidy campuses at Dover and Newark as founts of higher learning. But speaking in generalities about culture, the situation is about the same as that respecting wine, women and song: as the japester once said, you have to leave the state or stay home and settle for beer, mama and the radio.

In sharp contrast to Delaware's modest position politically and culturally is its dominance over the nation's business scene. The state stands in relation to corporation law as Nevada to divorce law. Statutes designed to lure charter-seeking enterprises to Delaware have made the

corporation business the largest single operation of the state government, normally representing something like one third the government revenue.

There is no mystery about Delaware's corporation law. Its attractiveness, especially to the biggest concerns, lies in low maximum taxes, the ease with which firms can be organized, wide powers given corporations, and the trivial obligations imposed by the state. Once organized, all a corporation must do within Delaware is maintain a principal office where the corporate sign is displayed and a duplicate stock ledger is kept. In application, even these requirements have been streamlined to the point where Wilmington lawyers and "resident agent" firms will maintain the legal headquarters at reasonable rates. One Wilmington group alone acts as principal office for more than a thousand corporations.

Though the corporation laws of Delaware are so advantageous that they once drew the wrath of a Federal judge, only a minority of the 100,000-plus corporations which have been spawned at Dover have been fly-by-nights. The judge, sending a gang of swindlers to prison, asserted, "The State of Delaware would face an indictment for licensing such corporations as this, if I could summon a sovereign state into court." Reasonably effective Blue Sky laws have now

changed this situation to some extent, as has SEC supervision.

Aside from small or dubious concerns, the roster of Delaware corporations reads like the latest copy of Moody's: ACF-Brill, Addressograph, Allis-Chalmers, American Airlines, Anchor-Hocking Glass, Atlas Powder, Balaban and Katz, Bellanca, Bethlehem Steel, Boeing, Booth Fisheries and Bristol Myers, for an alphabetical starter. Among the other corporate giants chartered in Delaware are Coca-Cola, Esso Export, General Motors, Ford, Chrysler, Texaco, Rexall, Schenley, Hearst Consolidated Publications — and, of course, E. I. du Pont de Nemours, Inc.

II

In Delaware, when one speaks of the Company, one means du Pont. Likewise, the name “du Pont” is understood when one refers to the Family. Popular fancy outside Delaware seems to indicate that Delawareans are vassals of the du Ponts, slaving in du Pont munitions plants while Company fixers promote profit-making wars. Actually, neither an ounce of powder nor a round of shot is made commercially in Delaware by du Pont, and most Delawareans who labor for the Family toil in one of three places: the nylon plant, the experimental laboratories outside Wilmington or the Company headquarters in the center

of town. The original du Pont powder mill of a century and a half ago has long since passed into disuse.

In the loose language of men talking about fabulous fortunes, it is usual to say something like, “He owns half the state.” Though such a statement is usually a calculated and palpable lie, the du Ponts being so big and Delaware being so small it is nearly literally applicable to the Family. In personal homesteads alone, the du Ponts’ holdings around Wilmington make up a sizable proportion of northern Delaware’s acreage. Property held or controlled by the Family or the Company in Wilmington represents a good share of the assessed valuation in this town of 130,000 people.

The uniqueness of Delaware is exemplified by its journalism. Though there are many “one-paper towns” of some size in the United States, there is only one “one-paper state” — Delaware. And though a state capital is usually considered a good place for a newspaper property, Dover has no daily. Eighteen weeklies, including a brace in the capital, and three or four obscure periodicals round out the Delaware Fourth Estate.

As might be expected, the morning-evening combination which dominates Delaware journalism is owned by the Family. The morning side, the *Wilmington News*, maintains a circulation around 20,000. The afternoon

edition, inaccurately named the *Journal-Every Evening* (it publishes but six days a week), has about three times this readership. The Wilmington twins are an investment, rather than a mouthpiece, for the du Ponts. Published by Henry T. Claus, one time editor of the *Boston Evening Transcript*, they tell the news in a routine, objective fashion utterly foreign to such a company organ as Anaconda's *Montana Standard* in Butte. Neither paper deserves to be called "great," nor has either adopted for itself this journalistically overworked adjective.

While the rest of Delaware is the journalistic backyard of the *News-Journal* Company, the big town itself is in the unusual position of being a newspaper suburb of a still bigger city. In Philadelphia, the ads tell us, nearly everybody reads *The Bulletin* — and so do quite a few in Wilmington.

The dominance of the du Ponts in northern Delaware is symbolized by the layout of the Wilmington civic center. Around a block-square park lie the Post Office-Federal Building, the City-County Building, the Public Library and, overshadowing all, the fourteen-story du Pont Building. So large is this structure that a commodious hotel (the du Pont, of course) nestles in one corner, and in the office section the cubbyholes are so numerous that door-numbers run to four digits, instead of the usual three, on

every floor. And, backed up by a new annex, the Nemours Building, the du Pont Building looms even larger commercially on Wilmington's skyline than it does architecturally.

The State of Delaware is a grand duchy of the du Ponts mainly in its subordination financially to the Family. Though there are other wealthy folk in the state — old Senator Townsend, the downstate "chicken king," is exceedingly rich — there is no family within hundreds of miles that could match pennies with the du Ponts for long. Exactly how much capital is at the command of all the members of the Family is a du Pont secret (if, indeed, the du Ponts themselves know), but it is probably somewhere short of the National Debt and in all likelihood this side of the pre-Ivy Lee Rockefeller fortune. Clannish and loyal in most financial matters, the Family can be relied upon to protect its own interests, but what keeps the state from being an outright fief of the du Ponts is the cantankerous Delaware-ness of the state's first family itself. On the proposition that a dollar is good to feel and to keep, the Family is united. But on other points the du Ponts disagree. They are not unanimous, for one thing, on such a simple matter as how to spell the Family name, though the lower-case "d" style used herein seems to be favored.

The Family marries around con-

siderable, as one Delawarean put it, with the result that there are nearly enough du Ponts in blood and in law to swing a close election in Delaware. Delivering the du Pont vote, however, is one of those political dreams like delivering the Jewish vote in New York or the Catholic vote in Boston, and in fact less simple than either. The normal issues are not ones on which the Family could be expected to vote *en bloc*, the members ranging as they do from Roosevelt in-laws to Liberty Leaguers and far, far beyond, both to left and to right.

Not that the du Ponts are not potent in Delaware politics. Together with their in-laws they are, like the poor, always with us. Until the recent Truman upheaval, the indications were that C. Douglass Buck (a du Pont in-law) would succeed himself in the Senate. One of the state's outstanding political figures for years was Coleman du Pont who, at least partly out of the goodness of his heart, gave Delaware its biggest single public improvement.

Coleman is accused of having desired to bring the two downstate counties under his domination when he built the du Pont Boulevard from the Maryland line in the south to Wilmington. "I'll build a monument a hundred miles high and lay it on its side," he said. Downstate Delawareans, with their characteristic rustic

independence and suspicion, chose to look the gift horse in the mouth. Coleman was forced to extremes of ruthlessness and cajolery in order to eke out a right-of-way for his road. Having completed his hundred-mile private highway, he turned it over, white line, pavement and soft shoulders, to the state.

III

If Coleman du Pont had hoped to make vassals of the farmers of southern Delaware, he might as well have saved his money. There are two Delawares, separated from each other by an imaginary extension of Mason and Dixon's Line. In Delaware, the line is without political significance, but this is the one place where it perceptibly separates North from South. Northern Delaware is urban, industrial and hilly. Southern Delaware is rural, agricultural and flat as a bowling alley. The farmers of southern Delaware are as Dixie-oriented as their neighbors on the Eastern Sho' of Maryland; the bourgeoisie and proletariat of northern Delaware are in all but political fact Philadelphia suburbanites (the area Eddystone-Chester-Marcus Hook-Wilmington has been called the "poor man's Main Line"). The north is, willy-nilly, under the du Pont thumb; the south is independent as only a farmer can be when he is clear with the bank and getting good prices.

The traveler entering Delaware from the northeast will notice little to distinguish Governor Printz Boulevard, Wilmington, from Roosevelt Boulevard, Philadelphia, forty miles back. He who enters the state *via* ferry from Jersey and heads straight for Washington on Route 40 is hardly long enough in Delaware to gain any impression of the state at all. But the driver who takes the back roads, who comes into Delaware from the Eastern Sho', gets an entirely different outlook on the tiny state which Tom Jefferson is reputed to have called "a diamond among commonwealths."

He sees rich farmland, well-kept homes and rows of what look like tourist cabins but are actually chicken houses. Fat cattle, tall corn. Sleepy, happy towns like Bridgeville, which announces complacently on a city-limits sign, "If you lived here you'd be home now." Long-haired, bearded Mennonites, driving their closed-in buggies or walking the village streets in their buttonless black coats and round, broad-brimmed black hats. "Moors," neither Negro nor Caucasian but a race apart, a strange and cohesive people like the Melungeons of Tennessee. Flocks of chickens, some numbering millions of birds, and an occasional free-lance barred rock hen, clucking along the road verges and reveling in her utter independence. Sleek bird dogs eyeing with interest

hedgerows from which nesting noises emanate. Harbeson, where a feud once resulted in one clan trying to outshine another in outdoor Christmas decorations, turning the tiny hamlet into a Great White Way for a dazzling holiday fortnight. Quiet little streams like Marshyhope Creek, which can turn overnight into a raging river, flooding towns and farms. The unique village of Georgetown, which exists primarily for the government of the state's remotest county. Seashore towns like Rehoboth Beach, a madhouse of vacationers in summer, dead as sweet Auburn by October.

And Lewes, archaic remnant of a past full of wild Indians, empire-building Dutchmen and Swedes, roughhousing river pilots, hell-raising fishermen and enough whores to give the town its original name, under the Dutch, of Hoerekill, or Harlot's Creek. A quiet town today, its existence almost forgotten in modern Delaware, its very name universally mispronounced by out-of-staters (it sounds as though it were spelled "Lewis"). A town that takes pixy pride in the distinction of being the "First City of the First State," a title claimed by Wilmington also, but by the latter on the basis of size rather than of age.

Lewes, with a smart press agent, could be one of the show-places of the Atlantic Coast. As it is, it is by-passed

by tourists; indeed, it is by-passed by the Wilmington-Rehoboth highway.

There are more folk dead than alive in Lewes today; only about two thousand people live there now, but their ancestors have been filling graves there for three centuries. Little amusement is offered in Lewes of a weekday and nothing at all on Sunday, except the study of a rich store of the Pollyanna, or "Sweet Bye and Bye" school of necrological verse to be found in the burying grounds. A prime example is the following inscription on a slab to the memory of one Esther Nunez, who was took down dead at age sixteen back in 1763:

Hessy fair and Blooming flower
Is surely gone to Heavens Bower
Neer to return to us again.
Now, Now she's Freed from Grief and
Pain
And Joind to the Glorious Virgin Race,
Who Sing Gods Praises Face to Face
And to the Lamb upon the Throne
Our Lord Christ Jesus, Gods Dear Son.

Churchgoing Lewestowners like to think of old Lewes as a proper back-drop for the undeflowered Hessy. But there must have been fire along with the smoky name of Hoerekill, because even after the settlement was renamed Zwaanandael, and finally renamed Lewes, the whole area kept on being known as the "Whorekill," up until late pre-Revolutionary times.

Unsavory names are an enchanting small part of Delaware lore, as are unsavory folk. Not far from the stream known as the Murderkill there once lived a sect of Negroes who practiced voodoo as dark as any to be found in Haiti, and their descendants still remember some of the jungle chants. Down in the backwashes of Lewes-and-Rehoboth Hundred (the Hundred is a subdivision of a county peculiar to Delaware, corresponding to a borough or a township) there are families, as inbred as the Ptolemys, who view incest as an accepted way of life — "keep strangers out of the family." But one recalls that cousins made the best husbands and wives in the du Pont family for many a generation, too. Across the state, where the rivers drain into the Chesapeake, they still talk of old Patty Cannon, the most sanguinary harridan ever to wear crinoline.

Old Patty is still mother's bugaboo for wayward Negro children. A minor instance of her irascibility occurred when the old slave-smuggler dealt with a Negro baby whose crying annoyed her, by holding the child in a fireplace until it frizzled. Her victims, black and white, are tolled alone in Heaven's book. Her henchmen would kidnap free Delaware Negroes to sell to Chesapeake Bay slave traders, and often Patty would slug, kill and roll the well-heeled slavers and save her

wares for another sale — if they didn't starve to death first.

More recently (in the early years of this century) Delaware knew and dealt with an old brigand named Addicks who came down from New England to "incorporate" and stayed in an effort to grab a Senate seat. His supporters' war cry was "Addicks or nobody," and for years it was nobody, Delawareans being what they are.

IV

Delaware justice is a harsh instrument, descended from the codes of Moses and Hammurabi through the consciences of the stern reformers who settled the state. Alone in the nation it maintains whipping posts for criminals other than wife-beaters (its neighbor, Maryland, also lashes brutal spouses) and has on its statute books a tariff of lashes calculated to strike fear into felonious hearts. Long terms and heavy fines go along with such lash punishments as these (on the bare back, well laid on):

Poisoning with intent to murder, 60; burning a courthouse, 60, or a church, 20; robbery, 40; burglary with explosives, 40; plain burglary, 20 to 40; maiming by lying in wait, 30; assault with intent to ravish, 30, or to rob, 20; larceny, 20; acting as a fence, 20; embezzlement, 20. To break into a man's house with design to rob him, to rape his womenfolk or

to burn his home is, in Delaware, to court death.

The whipping post has fallen out of use in New Castle county (Wilmington and vicinity) in the last few years, but malefactors downstate still "hug old Susan" occasionally, mainly for wife-beating, highway robbery and (in a state where fowl are the principal livestock) chicken stealing, a form of larceny.

For more than two centuries Delaware suffered under a code of Blue Laws the equal in oppressiveness of any this side of colonial Salem. A whole section of the Revised Code, 1935, is devoted to "offenses against religion, morality and decency." Included are prohibitions against "disturbing religious worship" (fine \$8 to \$60) and "blasphemy" (\$50 fine, 60 days in solitary, and one year's probation). Until 1941, Sabbath-breaking was punishable, though laws for the protection of the Lord's Day have been emasculated considerably since. The old laws forbade any works on the Sabbath except those of an emergent or charitable nature, and (probably to confound Jews and Adventists) further defined the Sabbath as the day "commonly called Sunday."

To kill the Sunday Blue Law despite legislative lethargy, James R. Morford, then attorney-general, applied the principles of *Schrecklichkeit*. In late February 1941, a preachers'

lobby forestalled repeal in the lower house at Dover. Morford ordered that on the next Sunday the law should be enforced to the letter. The sun set on March 2, 1941, with half of one per cent of the state's population in the pokey or free on bond. Included among those jailed were trolley motormen, milkmen, hash-slingers, soda-jerks, a picket in front of a hotel, even (a sheriff's aide recalls) a few Wilmington cops. Morford complained that night that the crackdown hadn't been complete; he noted that a store owned by an anti-repeal legislator was doing business, and he accused a leader of the preachers' lobby of conspiring to break the Sabbath himself. The divine, Morford explained, broadcast a sermon, thereby forcing radio technicians to do work on the forbidden day. Within a fortnight, the law was amended to allow substantially more worldly activity on Sunday. But Wilmington is still a bleak place to spend a Sabbath.

V

The ruckus that March morning in 1941 is typical of Delaware. The Blue Hen's Chickens are an argumentative, litigious flock, perfectly content to scrap with their neighbors when they aren't busy fighting among themselves. It took Delaware 302 years to straighten out her boundaries.

In a nation noted for artificial

borders, Delaware's stand out. Its southern frontier was misplaced in the original survey; Mason and Dixon ran their traverse north between Maryland and Delaware with some inaccuracy; the unique "circular" boundary with Pennsylvania is not a true circle at all, though state law defines it so, and the Delaware River border with New Jersey was the subject of a Supreme Court battle as recently as 1933.

The high court's master's decision — that Delaware owns the whole river for twelve miles north and twelve miles south of New Castle — creates the paradox of the New Castle-Pennsville Ferry. These busy boats ply the river but stay in Delaware throughout the crossing, while the automobiles aboard move directly from Delaware to New Jersey.

Delaware is an unknown quantity to most Americans, a backwash of civilization something like Vermont, yet less than two hours by train from both the capital and the largest city of the nation. It is the only seaboard state not traversed by U. S. Highway No. 1, and (excepting only New Hampshire) the littoral state with the shortest coastline. It has fewer counties than any other state and is itself considerably smaller than many western counties. Thirty-five American cities have greater populations than Delaware, and among states only two

have smaller. Classified by the census bureau as South Atlantic, its statistics on wealth, voting, literacy and population composition place it definitely with the bigger states of the North. Yet it is a stronghold of Jim Crow, with miscegenation laws and separate schools.

Delaware is a curio, a little hunk of Dixie jutting north into the New York-Philadelphia industrial complex and at the same time a little suburb of Philly transplanted to the Eastern Sho' of Maryland. But it is more than simply a curio. Virtually every investor and consumer in the country is influenced to some extent by Delaware and its corporation laws. Every woman who owns a pair of nylons, every driver of a car produced by the

"big three," a large proportion of the air travelers of the nation, pay some small, invisible cash tribute to the treasury at Dover. Much of the chicken consumed in the East comes from Delaware hatcheries, and a lion's share of the plum pudding eaten at Christmastime is canned at the state capital. Nearly every ship in or out of the country's second port, Philadelphia, pays pilotage fees to some salty character from Lewes.

Delaware has as its motto, "Liberty and Independence," but this tag is hardly pertinent in a time when the inevitable questions are: Free from what? Independent of what? Much more descriptive of the First State would be the hackneyed, classical "*Multum in Parvo*."

THE VISITOR

BY JOSEPH JOEL KEITH

Sounds went by like sounds
we had never heard before,
softer than bare feet
of the small child on the floor,
softer than the still
kind closing of night's door.

Silence, they said, it was;
silence was all that fell,
featherfall of the night.
But the small child wouldn't tell,
nor I. But, oh, be sure,
be sure we heard it well.

A FORMER OSS AGENT MEETS THE PRESS

Frank Bielaski, a former director of investigation for the Office of Strategic Services, recently testified in secret session before the Senate committee investigating charges of Communism in the State Department. He was directly involved, professionally, in the celebrated Amerasia case. He appeared on a recent NBC telecast of Meet the Press, and his remarks are here reprinted, slightly cut.

THE participants in the telecast, aside from Mr. Bielaski, were Ned Brooks, NBC's commentator on Washington affairs; Frank Conniff of the New York *Journal-American*, Marshall McNeil of the Scripps-Howard newspapers; and Lawrence E. Spivak, editor of the *MERCURY*. Martha Rountree, producer of *Meet the Press*, presided.

MCNEIL: Mr. Bielaski, it's been reported — and Senator McCarthy has said the same thing since you were on the Hill before the Tydings Committee — that the *Amerasia* case involved the transmission of atomic secrets to Russia. Is that true?

BIELASKI: I wouldn't go as far as to say that. There is an element in the case that might justify that statement on Senator McCarthy's part.

MCNEIL: Did you see anything when you went to raid that place that made you say, "Well, now, this has to do with atomic energy," or did

you know anything about the atom bomb?

BIELASKI: Not the word "atomic," Mr. McNeil. Entirely aside from the hundreds of documents which were present in the office of *Amerasia*, there were six papers which differed from the others. These six papers were typewritten on rough copy-paper such as a newspaperman uses. They were all marked "Top Secret" at the top. Of the six I have a distinct recollection of two and a limited recollection of a third one. The first one that I recollect quite well was a top-secret paper which detailed the bombing schedule for Japan and named the industrial centers, one after the other, to be bombed. The second was a paper which dealt with the disposition of the units of the Japanese fleet subject to the battle.

MCNEIL: Did that first paper say anything about bombing the cities of Hiroshima or Nagasaki?

BIELASKI: I can't recall the names of the cities. The second document that I remember distinctly dealt with the disposition of the ships of the Japanese fleet subsequent to the battle of October, which is known as the Battle of Leyte. The third one, of which I have a limited recollection, dealt with a new bomb. At the time that I saw it, my reaction was that it was just another piece of ordnance because I knew nothing about the atomic bomb, and I was rather impatient as I looked at it and put it aside. I can tell you more about what it didn't say than what it did say. It did not have any formula or any technical information in it. It was more an informative report such as a progress report, but it was top secret.

BROOKS: Mr. Bielaski, whatever you did see, apparently there were a great many top-secret documents there. I am wondering now whether as a result of the investigation you made you feel there was a concerted effort on the part of someone in the Government to whitewash the case and to protect the people who were involved in it.

BIELASKI: I feel very definitely so.

BROOKS: Where do you think that pressure came from?

BIELASKI: That I don't know.

BROOKS: Do you think the special

prosecutor in the case, Mr. Hitchcock, exerted all the proper diligence in that case?

BIELASKI: Surely it's my personal opinion — I do not think so.

BROOKS: What do you think the reason for that was?

BIELASKI: That I couldn't say.

CONNIFF: Mr. Bielaski, was there ever any explanation of why the Communist background and affiliations of Mr. Jaffe, one of the principal men in the *Amerasia* case, — in fact, the principal one — was never detailed or given to the Grand Jury or to the court that subsequently did whitewash the case?

BIELASKI: No, there was never any reason given. That's one of the things I would like to find the answer to myself.

CONNIFF: Do you think that had they gone into that thoroughly at that time, the pro-Communist element in the State Department, which we have been hearing so much of lately, could have been exposed?

BIELASKI: I think they can still be exposed. I do not think that this has ever been thoroughly and properly investigated.

CONNIFF: Would you recommend any particular course of investigation, Mr. Bielaski?

BIELASKI: I recommend calling the

people that know the facts. They are still available.

CONNIFF: Have they been called at all?

BIELASKI: A great many of them have never been called. I was never interviewed by anybody from the Department of Justice at any time until last week.

SPIVAK: Mr. Bielaski, what tipped you off first that there was something to investigate about *Amerasia* magazine? It was a little unimportant magazine, as I remember.

BIELASKI: That's right. I was informed by the security officer, Mr. Archbold van Beuren, who came to my office in New York, that a document from the OSS had been stolen, that it had been reproduced in part, very poorly disguised in *Amerasia* magazine. He brought me both the magazine—I think the issue of February 1945—and the document in question, which was a secret OSS document. It was obvious by comparing the two that the man who wrote the article in the magazine had the secret document or had seen it.

SPIVAK: As I understand it, from your investigation, you came to the conclusion that *Amerasia* wasn't just a magazine, but that it was a large front organization interested in spying out secrets in this country. Is that essentially true?

BIELASKI: I was convinced of it and have been convinced of it ever since.

SPIVAK: How do you explain their foolishness in tipping you and others off by publishing a secret paper in their magazine?

BIELASKI: I don't try to explain it, Mr. Spivak. It was partially disguised; the introductory part of the article was original; the conclusion was original; but the principal points which were brought out in the secret document were in that magazine article although they had been rearranged as to numerical order.

SPIVAK: When you made your raid, did you find any FBI reports among the other reports that were there?

BIELASKI: I searched very diligently, Mr. Spivak, to find some FBI reports, but I found none. I found reports from many other departments of the Government but none from the FBI. I would like to comment on a subsequent conversation, if I may, at this point. In the spring of 1946 I came to Washington and had a conversation with the former FBI agent here who had conducted the raid on the apartment of Larson, and we exchanged information; I told him that I was very much chagrined that I hadn't found some FBI re-

ports in this great lot of stuff that we found, and he said to me, "Well, I had better luck than you did. I found about forty of them in Mr. Larson's apartment."

SPIVAK: Were any of those FBI reports shown to you?

BIELASKI: I have never seen any of them.

SPIVAK: Have the FBI men who picked up those reports been called by the Senate, as far as you know?

BIELASKI: No. They have never been called as far as I know.

SPIVAK: Do you know the names of any of these people?

BIELASKI: Yes, I know the names of some of them.

SPIVAK: Will you give us the names? Are they still in the FBI?

BIELASKI: No, they are in civil life now.

SPIVAK: Is there any reason why they shouldn't be called?

BIELASKI: None whatsoever.

SPIVAK: We'd like very much to get their names.

BIELASKI: Mr. J. Louis Ames was the reporting agent on the case. He consolidated all the reports of surveillance and wire interception. I am sure that, if permitted, he would be very happy to testify to the facts as he knows them. William Dunne, a former agent of the FBI, is now resident in New York,

as is Joseph Garvey. Robert Brownell of Washington, D. C., was very prominent in the case. Eugene Calder of Ypsilanti, Mich., knows a great deal about it, and Daniel O'Connor, former agent of the FBI, is the gentleman in Washington to whom I just made reference.

SPIVAK: How do you explain the fact that these men were not called? Were their names known to the committee? Did Edgar Hoover know about them? Did he give them to anybody? Did any Senate group know about it?

BIELASKI: Three of these men I have just mentioned appeared before the Grand Jury in the first place. They are just as competent today to testify to the facts as they were when they testified before the Grand Jury. Why they haven't been called, I don't know.

MCNEIL: Mr. Bielaski, you had a boss named Donovan. Have they ever called him — General Donovan?

BIELASKI: No. General Donovan can certainly testify to the seriousness of the documents which originated in OSS, and which were stolen. He is entirely willing and I think somewhat anxious to do so. He'd like to express his opinion [Ed. note: General Donovan has since been called in to testify].

McNEIL: That raid is certainly a classic "private-eye" story of war-time. When you went in this office, as I remember the stories that Fred Waltman of our organization has been writing, you found not only an office but some sort of photo-copying laboratory nearby.

BIELASKI: We found one room devoted to photo-copying. It has been referred to as huge, but it wasn't huge. It was entirely adequate for the purpose at hand, which was copying the documents they had stolen.

McNEIL: It had nothing to do with the publication of a magazine?

BIELASKI: Nothing whatsoever. I looked in all the files, the normal files of the magazine, and at no place did I see a single photostat copy used by the magazine.

McNEIL: You were watching them about ten days before you went in?

BIELASKI: I had been assigned to watch the building.

McNEIL: Why didn't you have a search warrant?

BIELASKI: The OSS is an organization which was created under an executive order, and it was authorized to provide its own security. It engaged in spying, counter-spying, and I think it would have been utterly ridiculous for me — trying to find someone I thought was a spy — to go down and swear out a

warrant before I went up there and looked in the office. I was after a document, and I meant to get it.

McNEIL: By the way, did you find that specific document, the one they reproduced in the magazine?

BIELASKI: No, sir, I did not. I found five typewritten copies of it, but the original document evidently had gone back where it came from.

McNEIL: You took fifteen or twenty of these things away from there?

BIELASKI: I took about fourteen, principally those which had markings on them, initials, so that they could be identified. We thought whoever investigated the case would want to trace the channel through which they had come.

CONNIFF: Well, Mr. Bielaski, both in 1945 and now there seems to have been a studied attempt to minimize the importance of these documents. How important do you consider them?

BIELASKI: They were certainly very surprising to me, and I was supposed to be a person who was fairly well informed on what was going on behind the scenes. Some of these documents contained information that I knew had no place in the hands of that magazine. I'd say there were six top-secret documents that we found. Those were typewritten copies and, by the way, they did not

have the stamp of the State Department on them or any other identifying mark. They had evidently been copied from originals and just sent as they were.

CONNIFF: From what you read about the Hiss-Chambers case, could you make a comparison in the relative importance of documents?

BIELASKI: I think that the Hiss-Chambers case was "chicken feed" compared to this case. I think that we can calculate that there was a total of about 3000 documents involved in the *Amerasia* case in a period of three months, and on that basis and at that rate it was possible for *Amerasia* magazine to have had every document from the State Department that concerned the near East going through their organization.

CONNIFF: And you had no idea how long that had been going on, did you?

BIELASKI: Well, we were convinced that there had been shipments before we got there, and we know there were additional lots subsequent to our first raid.

McNEIL: Didn't they know they had been raided?

BIELASKI: No, sir, they had no knowledge of it. The fourteen documents that I took were such a very small percentage that I decided they couldn't possibly be missed.

McNEIL: Did you say that none of these documents bore the stamp of the State Department, that they were all copies?

BIELASKI: None of the six special papers that I referred to some while ago. All of the others bore stamps of the State Department showing they had come through that organization, but they originated in many different parts of the Government.

McNEIL: Did you go before the House Committee when they investigated this thing or said they investigated it?

BIELASKI: I did.

McNEIL: You saw their report?

BIELASKI: I never saw their report until about two weeks ago.

SPIVAK: Were there any undisclosed persons involved in any way in the *Amerasia* case or have all names now appeared in print?

BIELASKI: Oh, no. Of my own knowledge there is one individual involved in this case right up to his ears, and his name has never been mentioned. He is a person, I think, of greater fame, shall I say, nationally and internationally than anyone who has been mentioned in this case. He has never been called by anybody, nor do I think his connection with the case has ever been investigated.

McNEIL: How about telling us his

name if you can right here and now?

BIELASKI: I can't do that because to do so might interfere with an investigation which the Senate Committee may make.

MCNEIL: Is he in the Government, Mr. Bielaski?

BIELASKI: No, he is not in the Government.

CONNIFF: Was he in the Government?

BIELASKI: I wish you wouldn't ask me any more questions about that particular individual.

CONNIFF: Will you give us yes or no on it, just on that one?

BIELASKI: I don't know. — I don't know; but he is not known as a Government man particularly.

BROOKS: Mr. Bielaski, you indicated a moment ago your belief that there was quite a cover-up in this case, inasmuch as only two of these six people were ever fined, moderately fined, and the other four went free. Now, was any effort ever made, any pressure ever put on you to soft-pedal the evidence that you knew about?

BIELASKI: Nobody ever came to see me at any time.

BROOKS: Were you ever called by the Grand Jury which investigated the case?

BIELASKI: Never.

BROOKS: Do you know why there were two Grand Juries, and it was

taken out of one and put in the hands of another?

BIELASKI: I don't know. I'd like to call your attention to something else that has never been explained to me. When the FBI seized a great many hundreds of documents at the office of *Amerasia*, they processed those documents. That is, they put them through their laboratories to develop latent fingerprints. Some of the fingerprints on those documents were extremely interesting. In fact, some of the fingerprints furnished evidence of a *prima facie* case of perjury which has never been prosecuted by the Department of Justice.

BROOKS: Was that fingerprint evidence ever presented to the Grand Jury?

BIELASKI: No, but it was presented before the sub-committee of the House Committee of the Judiciary in their hearings.

BROOKS: Do you know of any reason why anybody who knows anything about this case should not now testify about it in open session?

BIELASKI: Yes, I know one reason. Many people in the Government seem to think that a pledge of silence given to a department is of far more importance than the oath of allegiance to the United States Government. It isn't a valid reason, but it seems to control the ac-

tions of a great many persons in this case.

BROOKS: Do you feel free yourself to tell everything you know about this case now?

BIELASKI: Certainly, and if you ask the right questions, I will tell you anything I know.

SPIVAK: Mr. Bielaski, in a recent column, Robert Allen quoted Mr. James McInnerney of the Justice Department as follows: "Under the Fourth Amendment of the Constitution you can't send them to jail on evidence obtained by burglary. We could not use any of the material that was turned over to us because it was furnished by theft by the OSS from the *Amerasia* office." What have you to say about this statement?

BIELASKI: Well, I could say a great deal, but I will try to be brief. In the first place, the amendment refers to reasonable search, and there is a question about what, in wartime, is reasonable search. I think my going to the *Amerasia* office was entirely reasonable in time of war to recover something that was stolen; but, then, that is a technical question.

SPIVAK: Could you have possibly operated if you had to have a search warrant?

BIELASKI: I couldn't have gotten a search warrant, and it would have

ruined the whole affair if I had tried to get one. Another thing is that the Department of Justice has never asked the OSS for any evidence, has never used any of the evidence that the OSS could have furnished, and I believe they are relying or should have relied entirely on the thirteen volumes of evidence which the Federal Bureau of Investigation still has available.

MCNEIL: Thirteen volumes of evidence?

BIELASKI: Thirteen volumes of exhibits in this case.

SPIVAK: That evidence was obtained with a search warrant, wasn't it?

BIELASKI: All obtained with a search warrant; all obtained legally and all of it can be used as evidence.

CONNIFF: Did it become apparent, Mr. Bielaski, in the summer of 1945, that powerful influences were at work within the Government to whitewash or cover-up this case?

BIELASKI: I didn't know they were at work until I saw the results. And then I was astounded.

CONNIFF: To this day, have you ever learned the background on how it was machinated?

BIELASKI: I have heard a great deal, and I probably could give an investigator some very interesting leads, but I would not want to mention them here as being evi-

dential. They are not quite in that shape.

CONNIFF: Did the name of Alger Hiss ever enter?

BIELASKI: No, never. I never heard of him. I have heard of Alger Hiss but not in connection with this case. I heard of him four or five years ago, as a matter of fact.

CONNIFF: Before the Hiss case was brought into the open?

BIELASKI: Oh, yes, long before.

ROUNTREE: Did you know then that he was supposedly a Communist?

BIELASKI: I knew that I thought he was one, as long ago as the San Francisco conference, in June 1945, I believe.

BROOKS: Mr. Bielaski, did you ever hear that the classification on some of these secret documents was changed from secret to non-secret

within a few days after you raided the office? In other words, the action was taken to minimize the importance of these documents?

BIELASKI: I heard that a so-called research analyst expert pronounced these documents as being vastly over-rated, but nobody ever asked General Donovan how he regarded the documents that were stolen from the OSS.

McNEIL: How did he regard them?

BIELASKI: He regarded them as very important documents, and among the fourteen documents I have returned were five that had originated with OSS. They were far more vital and important than the one I was looking for when I went into the *Amerasia* office.

ROUNTREE: I am sorry to interrupt now. Our time is up.

NO CONFIDENCES SOLICITED

BY DOROTHY BROWN THOMPSON

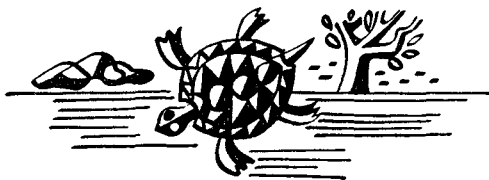
Though your love for him be dead,
Still don't tell me what he said.

As your spirit's last defense,
Keep one wall of reticence.

If I know your dearest sorrow,
I'm the one you'll hate tomorrow.

DOWN TO EARTH

by ALAN DEVOE



THE FLYING SQUIRREL

WE HUMAN beings are not a very noticing lot. The sun comes up in a blinding magnificence and we don't see it. Our mind is on a stock quotation. The moon sails over, lovely as hope and enigmatic as death. The moon? The moon? Oh; oh yes; sorry; we were lost in the last chapter of *The Corpse in the Cyclotron*. Birds sing; fields blaze with blossom; forests lie stretching superb across the hills. Eh? Hmm? What was that again? Sorry; I wasn't noticing. It is scarcely surprising that every now and then some poet or prophet among us is driven mad by our thick apathy.

One consequence of our everlasting inward-turning and oblivion is the easy forgetting of what a small part of the populace we are. Indeed we are something less than small. It is more accurate to call us tiny. We are one kind of animal, one creaturely species, among far more than a million species.

It may be necessary for an insect to sting us to make us notice its existence; but in fact, in the view of a biologist, this is the *Age of Insects*. There are more than eight hundred thousand different species of the creatures. Their individual numbers are beyond computing. We are one mammal. There are easily eight thousand other species of fellow mammals of ours, born under the same sun, living their mammalian lives while we live ours, dying and decaying into the same earth that waits for us all. To have our attention centered, as we mostly do, exclusively upon the human animal and its performances, is to be looking at no more than one microscopic portion of the stunning earth-scene. It is to be missing most of the show.

The show goes on, by day and by night, in every hour and moment, everywhere. With a little self-training, we can learn to be awake to its more evident splendors. We can en-

rich and enlarge our aliveness by cultivating the habit of "taking in," along with the morning newspaper headlines, the fact of the sun, the fact of the grass, the fact of birds and blooms and the chipmunk on the terrace.

To do that much is to go a long way in arousement and increase. Then, after that, we may be led into a growing consciousness of the less colorful and evident creatures around us: the silent insects thronging a square yard of grass around our summer lawn-chair, the shyer birds that keep to the green quiet of dense trees. Our world of realization gets bigger and bigger. Why, this place in which we had thought ourselves alone is fairly *teeming* with fellow creatures. We may learn to notice the tunnels of field-mice, and find out—it is a pretty staggering thing to find out—that in one ten-acre field, drowsing "lifeless" under the hot August sun, the meadow mice may easily number a thousand. With every increase in our awareness, we discover the existence of more and more kinds of fellow animals, which had been living close to us all the while without our knowing it . . . animals watching us stealthily from behind trees, animals scuttling away into the concealing grass as our footstep approaches, animals hiding themselves by guile, camouflage, trickery. We find that

the world, if ever we wake up to it, is a densely thronged place. Millions of lives are going on around us. Millions of eyes are watching us.

Even if we "come alive" to nature as fully as we can, there still remain innumerable creaturely lives that continue invisible to us. For instance: Do you see many rattlesnakes and copperheads in your neighborhood? Not many? None at all? It is no assurance that the snakes are not there. The eyes of these snakes have elliptical pupils, instead of round ones like the eyes of familiar garter-snakes. It is because they like to creep forth at night. While we sleep, there may be many a slithering rustle in the grass and withered leaves. The day comes; the snakes withdraw; we think they are not there. Or again: Have you seen many flying squirrels? No? Never? The chances are strong that they abound where you live. We may get to know the gray squirrels easily enough, and the red squirrels and chipmunks. But *flying* squirrels? They are right here, around us. But they live secretly. They live in the night. They may well stand as representative of many and many a kind of creature which companions us in numbers, but which we never see, or realize exists at all, unless we take to nature the kind of intense scrutiny which ordinarily we reserve for ourselves and our small world of the human.

II

A flying squirrel looks rather like an oversized mouse with a furry, flattened tail. Big-eyed and big-eared, it wears a coat of extraordinarily soft velvety fur, fawn-brown above and spotlessly creamy-white below, the demarcation line of the two colors being as sharp and clear as though painted. To look at a flying squirrel closely — an experience coming to perhaps one human being in a million — is to see that the sharp line is in fact made by a fold of the squirrel's skin. From forelegs to hind legs extends a broad web. A flying squirrel under close examination generally rolls itself into a ball; but if it can be induced to extend its legs, it becomes apparent that the spread membrane equips the little mammal with something very like a pair of glider-wings.

We are always touched by the endearing qualities of animals that are soft-furred and gently innocent. *Ooohs* and *aaahs* sweep movie-houses when fawns are shown on the screen. We are all moved by little kittens. Of all the mammals in the world, none has this quality more strongly than *Glaucomys volans*, the flying squirrel. The little creature is as soft to the touch as chinchilla. It is as shy as an elf, and as endlessly playful as one. It is so gentle that it can scarcely be induced to bite by any provocation, though it

has formidable teeth. It is habitually immaculate, from its spruce whiskers to the pink soles of its delicate little feet. A flying squirrel is a fairy-tale squirrel, the warm and sweet little creature of a child's happy dream. (A naturalist does not lightly use language of this unabashedly sentimental sort. A flying squirrel compels him to it.)

An observer might study a countryside intently all his days and never see a flying squirrel. Appropriately and elvishly enough, the squirrels stay hidden by day in their hollow trees. They are gregarious by nature, and a dozen or more of them may live together in one old stump. When night comes down, they rouse up, squeaking and chirruping, and set out to feed and play.

The way of a flying squirrel is this: Emerging from its tree-hollow in the darkness — but not a darkness to *it*, for its bright eyes are as designed for night-seeing as an owl's — the squirrel scampers to the very top of the tree. It makes its way to the tip of the uppermost twig that will hold it. It picks out another tree perhaps twenty or thirty feet away. It launches itself into the air, spreading its four legs as wide as they will go and stretching out its flattened tail as an additional aerial balancer.

Strictly speaking, a flying squirrel cannot fly. What it can do is glide.

Soaring like a falling leaf, it sails downward from the top of the launching-tree to the base of the next tree. With a quick scrabble it scampers to the top of *that* tree, picks out another one, and again leaps into a swooping glide.

How far can it sail? At least a hundred and fifty feet, probably more. Gliding, it always loses some altitude. It always lands at a point lower than its starting place. But when the launching-tree is a very high one, the little squirrel can sail an astonishing distance before it must make a landing.

Few of us can see much on a dark night. Our night vision has weakened in the way of so many others of our animal senses. But with practice (and Vitamin A) we can re-acquire a good deal of it. If we do so, and if we extend our nature scrutiny to include a patient sitting-still in the night woods, we may have the experience of seeing whole troops and companies of flying squirrels going about their nocturnal scamperings and soarings. It is an unforgettable thing to see. Flying squirrels are as playful as otters. They swoop and soar in pursuit of one another. They squeak in glee. They glide among the dark branches like enchanted shadows, like sprites, like materialized wood spirits. Outdoors, at night, the old magics of earth are very powerful. To watch a company

of flying squirrels about their aerial disportings is to be bewitched.

Flying squirrels live chiefly upon nuts, seeds, grains and berries, with now and then (like other squirrels) a small addendum of meat. Their nest in the tree-hollow is most commonly lined with shredded cedar bark. Their young are generally born in April or May, and there may be anywhere from two to six of them. It is all a very standard sort of squirrel-history . . . except for the flying. That, and the shyness and gentleness.

The shy gentleness has often persuaded naturalists to catch flying squirrels and try keeping them as pets. They make clean and affectionate ones, loving to curl up inside a man's shirt, loving still better to snuggle into a bed. But unless a man turns nocturnal himself, he must find his pet a dull one. It stirs and wakes up only when humanity is ready to go to bed. Flying squirrels tame fairly easily, and are as prankish indoors as out: rolling and chasing nuts, leaping and swooping from furniture to furniture, turning backward somersaults. But they are aroused to all this fey enthusiasm somewhere between the midnight and the dawn. In the daylight hours they curl their furry tails around the tips of their noses and sleep like Alice's dormouse.

The gliding flights of the little squirrels in the dark woods, as has

been said, are partly for travelling, partly for food-seeking, partly for gregarious fun. They are also made in another connection. It happens now and then that a family of squirrels is disturbed in its hollow tree. A passing human being, seeing an old woodpecker hole up in the trunk, raps on the tree to see what will come out. Or one of the squirrels' predatory enemies — an owl, a tree-climbing snake — comes prowling and snooping around. All flying squirrels are shy. A mother flying squirrel with babies has an extra protective timidity. One by one she gathers her infants. She holds a baby in her mouth, tucks its small body against her breast, partly holding it with her chin. Carrying her cargo, she leaps from the nest and goes gliding off to a new and presumably safer hollow. She makes as many trips as may be necessary to transport all the babies; and this is one circumstance — virtually the only one — which can stir her to prolonged daytime activity.

As was remarked at the beginning, we don't notice much of our world. It is full of sounds unheard, colors unremarked. It is full of creatures. More vastly than we guess, we are companions here.

There are lives going on under our feet, just outside our vision behind that oak leaf over there, just around the corner where sharp animal ears have heard our tread approaching. We miss a great deal by apathy, by self-centeredness. We miss something, too, even if we discipline ourselves to alertness, even if we rightly "come alive" to the blaze of being. For nature does much hiddenly, secretly. Her lives teem under the soil. They hide under cover of the dark. We may reflect tonight, as we climb into bed, that from thousands of dark treetops now — from the treetop, likely enough, just outside our window — there are launching out companies of a furry little mammal, enchanting and abundant, that few of us have even guessed existed.



LLOYD STRYKER: COUNSEL FOR DEFENSE

BY JEROME H. SPINGARN

EVERY criminal lawyer dreads the approach of the day when his ability becomes so renowned, his successes so celebrated, and his fees so high, that the public (from which juries are empanelled) begins to believe that no innocent man would go to the expense of hiring him. Max Steuer used to try to stave off this baleful fate by wearing shabby clothes and carrying his papers to court in a well-worn paper bag. Jurors might recognize the name, of course, but they would never believe that this was the *real* Max Steuer; it was just some poor starveling who happened to have the same name. His great contemporaries — Buckner, Untermyer, Nathan L. Miller, Clarence J. Shearn — all had their careers blessed with equally unimpressive appearances and voices.

But Lloyd Paul Stryker, who is now probably the nation's most redoubtable criminal lawyer, has an assured manner and a gracious, resonant diction that would belie any such protective coloration. He has, how-

ever, found his own answer to the problem: a fierce and contagious belief in his own and his client's rectitude, and a supreme contempt for the underhandedness of prosecutors and the perjurious riffraff they trundle up to the witness stand.

Stryker's faith in his clients is a hardy and perverse flower — the more inclement the climate, the stronger it grows. He likes nothing better than to undertake the defense of someone whom the multitude has condemned before trial. His most spectacular clients, from Jimmy Hines through Alger Hiss, were men who were on the long end of the betting. But Stryker firmly believes that the ability to discover the truth in a mass of conflicting testimony belongs exclusively to a jury, aided by a pair of able lawyers and a competent judge. And he has nothing but disdain for the hunches of reporters and the suspicions of the man on the street.

Stryker has not been content to fight for unpopular causes in his own century alone. He has carried his

JEROME H. SPINGARN is a "literary" lawyer who lives in Washington. His last contribution to the *MERCURY*, "Huntington Cairns, Federal Censor," appeared in the issue for June 1949.

lance, in two volumes of historical biography, through the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. His first book, *Andrew Johnson, A Study in Courage*, was a passionate apology for our most maligned President. He grew so furious at Johnson's savage detractors, Stanton, Sumner and Thaddeus Stevens, that he resigned from New York's swank-and-Republican Union League Club, of which he had been secretary, when he learned that it had been founded by anti-Johnson elements in Civil War days. So bitterly did the Johnson book attack the Northern radicals that even a Southern critic, George Fort Milton, called it a "persuasive brief . . . rather than a biography."

His second biography, *For the Defense*, was inspired by Secretary of War Patterson's casual but flattering lunchtime suggestion that he write a life of Lord Erskine, "because you have so much in common." Stryker spent several years at home and abroad in research on the eighteenth century's greatest lawyer, and he made the exciting discovery of the man who has since become his household god. Almost singlehanded, Erskine had defeated the attempts of George IV and Pitt the Younger to destroy the traditional freedoms of Englishmen in their effort to isolate the contagion of the French Revolution. Erskine successfully defended

the great rebels, Tom Paine, the Dean of St. Asaph, Horne Tooke and Tom Hardy. He achieved a new rule of law under which juries, rather than the Crown's judges, would pass on the issue of libel. His amazing defense of a madman who attempted to slay King George III resulted in a new and more liberal definition of insanity in criminal cases, a definition which is still used in many states here. And, despite his courageous defiance of bench and Crown, his career was capped by an appointment as Lord Chancellor. It is apparent from every line of the Erskine biography that the author was thinking: *this is the kind of man I want to be.*

II

Oddly enough, Lloyd Paul Stryker, the great champion of the defense, began his legal career as a prosecutor. Shortly after he was graduated from night school, he got a job in the district attorney's office in New York. In that wonderful school of trial practice, young assistants frequently had a chance to match wits in the courtroom with some of the leading ornaments of the bar, and Lloyd soon earned recognition as an able trial lawyer.

That Stryker showed an aptitude for effective courtroom expression is not surprising. His father was an eloquent Presbyterian divine who

left his Chicago pulpit for the presidency of Hamilton College at Clinton, N. Y. He had often told Lloyd that "It is a great thing to hold an audience by the ears"; and he had schooled him both as a singer and a speaker. In the big barn behind the presidential mansion, young Lloyd declaimed before imaginary audiences day after day while his father listened critically from the back wall. When he grew older, the boy was sometimes sent in his father's place to speak at gatherings and rallies throughout Oneida County. As a Hamilton undergraduate, he was one of the college's outstanding debaters of all times, and he had his father's knack of interlarding his speeches with quotations from the Bible, from Shakespeare and the other English classics.

Stryker's father, Melancthon Woolsey Stryker, was a pedagogue of the old school who thought that "a man could get more good from scanning a line of Horace than from scanning a dead cat in a laboratory." He held the classic view that oratory was a manly grace and the end product of all learning and culture. Lloyd was so deeply imbued with this attitude that he is puzzled by the modern distrust of eloquence. During the Alger Hiss trial, one hostile reporter described his jury address as "highly oratorical." Stryker didn't mind his criticism, but

deeply resented what he considered the misuse of the word. "Please don't call my speeches oratorical when you don't like them," he pleaded. "Save the word for the ones you like."

A father of five, President Stryker was able to give his children everything but money, and Lloyd Paul had to forego his ambition to attend Harvard Law School. He took a job as an office boy for a New York City real estate firm at \$10 a week, after his graduation from Hamilton. At night he attended the New York Law School, and hung up his shingle in 1909, before he was 24. Having been born and raised a Republican, he immediately became active in his local Republican Club, and soon was a district captain. He played an active part in the campaign to elect Charles Whitman as district attorney. When Whitman was elected, he found a place for Stryker on his staff. Stryker carried a strong recommendation from elder statesman Elihu Root, who was a Hamilton alumnus as well as the former schoolmaster of Melancthon Woolsey Stryker. After a few months work and one salary raise he was able to marry the girl he had been courting for four years.

While working in the district attorney's office, Stryker became the close friend of George Whiteside, who was five years his elder. Whiteside left the office after a few years,

and went into private practice as counsel to the New York Credit Men's Association. He soon found that he had more cases than he could handle, and he asked Stryker to join him. The new firm became known as Whiteside and Stryker, and it enjoyed a thriving practice in commercial, criminal and general law.

During the first World War, Stryker served as a lieutenant of artillery, but managed to keep in trim by defending court-martial cases. He was, of course, fearlessly resourceful and spectacularly successful. He did not hesitate on one occasion to subpoena a general's carbon copy of an order when a man was tried for violation of that order — a bold move which resulted in the immediate dropping of the prosecution.

After the war, Whiteside and Stryker became counsel to the New York State Medical Society, which meant that Stryker had to defend almost every malpractice suit that was filed in the broad and litigious expanse of the Empire State. He won about 97 per cent of the cases he tried, saving the reputations of innumerable physicians, as well as the insurance company's funds, and he even wrote a book about the subject, *Courts and Doctors*. In 1926 Mr. Whiteside and Mr. Stryker went their separate ways, Whiteside to join an immense legal factory with 60 lawyers

on its staff, and Stryker to stand completely alone. He found that his annual retainer with the New York Medical Society limited his freedom too much, and terminated it shortly afterward. He became a true free lance, encumbered neither by partners nor by annual retainer clients.

He was appointed to the Federal bench by President Coolidge at the close of his term, but the Senate adjourned without acting on the President's slate of judicial nominations. When Herbert Hoover took office, he decided at the last minute not to re-submit Stryker's name. Stryker's admirers feel that this saved from obscurity one of the great trial lawyers of all time, but close friends doubt that Stryker took an equally philosophic view of the matter. A short time later, when the Tennessee Bar Association honored him at a dinner for his great biography of Andrew Johnson, he dwelled on the sins of the Republican Party in both Johnson's and Hoover's times, and announced he was leaving the party as of that evening. He was an ardent Roosevelt supporter, and when the 1932 Democratic convention nominated his hero he became an ardent and active Democrat. Among Stryker's acquaintances, there has always been debate as to which factor most greatly influenced his conversion: the scholar's disgust with post Civil War Republi-

can policies, the citizen's disgust with the GOP's failure to meet the challenge of the 1930 depression, or the politician's chagrin at Hoover's failure to reappoint him to the Federal bench.

Stryker's new political party soon had work for him. In 1934, when the New York City Democrats wanted to embarrass the LaGuardia administration, the Board of Aldermen decided to investigate waste and extravagance in the city's relief. Stryker did a thorough job as counsel to the investigation. He paraded across the witness stand a long procession of witnesses who told of "pampering," "mismanagement" and "relief chiseling." He enriched the language with a hitherto obscure frontier phrase, "boondoggling." Another lawyer might have let the word slip quietly by, during the dull testimony of a recreational instructor who was telling about his WPA class in leather crafts. But the word glittered appealingly to Stryker's trained ear; he asked the witness to repeat and define it several times, and he laughed loudly. The reporters soon got the point, the word was in that night's headlines, and eventually the whole WPA arts program was impaled on it. In Washington, Harry Hopkins, then WPA Administrator, angrily told the press: "Some of those criticizing white collar relief projects in New York City are too damned

dumb to appreciate the finer things of life."

As a long range political strategist, Stryker was far less successful than as an inquisitor. His probe was so explosive that it overshot the mark — it did far more damage to Democratic state and national officials than to a Fusion mayor. The papers were full of cartoons showing relief recipients driving around in chauffeur-driven Cadillacs. As a result, Tammany was in very bad odor in Washington and Albany, and less and less Federal and state patronage found its way into the Wigwam.

A short time later, an amiable but occasionally careless Tammany district leader named Jimmy Hines was prosecuted for conspiracy in connection with policy rackets by a very careful and very ambitious young man named Thomas E. Dewey. Stryker defended Hines through two trials, was granted a mistrial in the first, but lost the second. After the mistrial, Stryker uttered a classic gripe which he repeated after the jury disagreed in the first Hiss trial: "Trying a case a second time is like eating yesterday morning's oatmeal."

He was more successful later, when he defended another Democrat against another young prosecutor who had his eye on the Governor's chair. The defendant, William Geoghan, was district attorney of Brooklyn, and he

was charged with neglect of duty in failing to prosecute a racket murder. The prosecutor was Hiram C. Todd. The hearings before Governor Lehman lasted for more than a month, but Stryker feels that the case was won in the space of two minutes when Prosecutor Todd asked Geoghan about money hidden in a "tin box." Stryker jumped to his feet. "This is an obvious hint at bribery, your excellency, and bribery has not been charged, so I object to the question as irrelevant. But I will make a sporting proposition. In order to permit the prosecutor to ask the question, I will offer to allow him, at this late date, to amend the charges to include bribery, if he feels he can prove it."

Governor Lehman was obviously impressed. "What about that, Mr. Todd? Do you wish to amend the charges to include bribery?" A hush fell over the courtroom as Todd entered into a whispered consultation with his aides. At length he arose to announce that the prosecution did not accept the offer. Accordingly the Governor sustained Stryker's objection. From that moment, the tide turned; Geoghan became the man with nothing to hide, ready and anxious to meet all charges. He entered the hearings under a dark cloud, but emerged completely vindicated. Mr. Todd on the other hand, soon forgot about the governorship.

III

An audacious offer to meet new charges could not be made unless Stryker had absolute confidence in himself and his client, and the ability to make a tremendously important decision on the spot without consultation. But these are qualities which Stryker always brings into the courtroom in abundant measure. The need for fast decision is perhaps the most striking difference between the work of the courtroom lawyer and the office practitioner. In England, courtroom practice is restricted to a highly honored and specially trained group of lawyers who are called barristers. The rest of the work of the legal profession is relegated to a lesser breed called solicitors.

In the United States the situation has become somewhat reversed. Law firms, having found far greater fees in office practice, tend to avoid appearances in court, and to look down on the trial lawyer. Stryker has clung to the British tradition, and is somewhat sensitive to his Wall Street neighbors' opinion of trial lawyers. He defiantly snorts that he would "rather sweep the streets than sit in an office and draw corporate mortgages. . . . The trial lawyer can make any of the office-bound 'leaders of the bar' look sick when the chips are down."

He feels that one of the chief assets

of his chosen branch of the profession is his complete independence. He has no clients on annual retainer and no partners. If someone wants to sue a cheese manufacturer for ptomaine poisoning, Stryker is free to take the case without considering whether a verdict will adversely affect another client who is in the food business. Nor, conversely, does the fact that he took a client's case last year mean that he must accept one from him this year. He is offered about ten cases for every one he accepts, and he makes only one demand from a case: that it appeal to his sense of justice and that it sound like fun. He never accepts a case unless he believes in it thoroughly. He just doesn't believe he can do a good job otherwise.

Some think that Stryker's faith in his defendants is a matter of self-hypnosis, which, they assert, is an indispensable art of the criminal lawyer. Stryker's old-fashioned education was strong on rhetoric but weak on Freudian psychology. He is not self-analytical, and probably never tortured himself by trying to figure out how much of his belief in a client's case is influenced by his interest in it. While defending Alger Hiss, cynics will point out, Stryker bitterly denounced loose accusations of Communism; but while campaigning in 1933 for the Democrats, he was hurling such charges rather loosely at F. H. La-

Guardia — who was associated, he averred, with such notorious radicals as John Haynes Holmes, John Dewey and Charles Beard, in "an attempt to destroy American capitalism."

When a client comes into his office, Stryker makes him comfortable and lets him tell his story in his own way, at his own pace. He may take ten minutes or he may take ten hours, but Stryker will betray no sign of impatience. When he is finished, Stryker will subject him to a searching cross-examination. If the story stands up and if the case interests him, Stryker accepts it. If it doesn't convince him, he will turn it down. His fees, of course, are high. For example, his bill to District Attorney Geoghan (for two months work in preparation and hearings on his removal charges) was \$50,000. Occasionally, Stryker will take a case without a fee, but he never mentions it publicly because he thinks it would not be ethical if such a fact should influence a jury.

Although many of his clients are referred to him by the largest Wall Street firms, and he serves as special counsel for a number of large corporate clients, Stryker has a vast contempt for the pomposity of the "leaders" of the bar. When he attended a recent bar association meeting devoted to the annual excoriation of "ambulance chasers," he asked a pointed question: "I wonder how

many attorneys who are condemning these little fellows who represent victims of automobile accidents are truly free from personal interest in the matter. How many of you represent insurance companies?" He had pricked the balloon of sanctimoniousness, and an embarrassed silence followed. "It would be a good thing if the bar association took some action with regard to the respectable shyster lawyers," Stryker said on another occasion. "It would be better than picking on the poor, struggling young lawyers who went to night school. There is nothing worse than the Pharisee or hypocrite in the field of law."

IV

In his adulatory biography of Erskine, Stryker made it very clear that one of the things he admired most about the great seventeenth century advocate was his ability to stand up to a judge with unabashed firmness, yet with ingratiating tact. This is a skill which has been mastered by only a few, but these are clearly the cream of the profession, the ones who attract large audiences of lawyers whenever they try a case or argue an appeal. Indeed, Erskine first won notice, as a junior defense counsel in an important case, when he insisted on introducing the name of a corrupt member of the government who had inspired the charges against the defendant. "Lord Sand-

wich is not before the court," he was admonished by the chief justice. "I know that he is not formally before the court," Erskine quickly replied, "but for that very reason I will bring him before the court. I will drive him to light."

Stryker, like Erskine, is instinctively polite and respectful, but never intimidated. In one of his first cases, he was a junior at the counsel table defending Police Lieutenant Charles Becker, who was being tried for the murder of the notorious gambler Herman Rosenthal, in 1912. One of his most important witnesses, a prisoner, was brought into the courtroom wearing handcuffs. Stryker insisted that the handcuffs be removed, because they would prejudice the jury against the witness. The judge impatiently said, "Young man, sit down and don't make any frivolous objections." Stryker stood his ground, and further insisted that the judge's language aggravated the situation. He failed to convince the judge of this; but when the verdict of conviction was later reversed on appeal, one of the errors noted by the higher court was the trial judge's treatment of young Stryker on this occasion.

Many years later, Stryker was arguing an important criminal case before the Circuit Court of Appeals. His defendant had been convicted through evidence obtained by wire-

tapping. Stryker was informing the court that the United States Supreme Court had declared such evidence improper, and had called wire-tapping "a dirty business." His voice reached a crescendo on the words "a dirty business," and he repeated them several times, in a loud roar which shook the courtroom. The tone of voice normally employed in appellate courts is conversational and restrained — like discussion around a library table. Somewhat upset by Stryker's bravura rendition, dignified Judge Augustus Hand said, "Don't make so much noise; we can hear you." Stryker turned red, then bowed his head submissively, while his clenching fists revealed the indignation welling up within him. Finally, in a low voice, he proceeded:

I am very sorry that the tone of my voice should have been such as to annoy Your Honor. I regret it. Perhaps my fault lies in the fact that I have never yet been able to encounter outrage with complacence. Nor have I yet attained that poise which would enable me to speak in the quiet tones of equanimity about an effort to strip an American citizen of his liberty by perjured testimony. And yet I have one consolation. As I think back to that little Boston State House in February 1761, when James Otis before a hostile court thundered against the Writs of Assistance, I am satisfied that he, too, . . . raised his voice.

When the case reached the Supreme Court, Stryker refused to confine himself to the stand provided for counsel, but instead paced the floor, from one end of the wide courtroom to the other. His oratory was loud and passionate. Regular visitors to the court were aghast at the performance and expected a contempt citation. But Stryker has never been able to regard judges as a special breed of men — "They're just human beings, motivated the same as other humans." An appellate bench, to Stryker, is just a jury box on a platform. He didn't notice the discreet but imperious lights that signalled first that only five minutes were left and then that time was up. He continued on, without interruption either for questions or for rebuke, while the audience, accustomed to strict enforcement of time limits, watched the clock in mute amazement. The Supreme Court had not observed such demeanor since the days of Daniel Webster, and the members were enjoying it far too much to interrupt the performance.

As Stryker paced back and forth the heads of the judges would follow him like the gallery at a tennis match. His every sally was greeted by judicial laughter, and it became quite obvious that he had convinced the courts that wire-tapping was "a dirty business" — a phrase he used about fifty times. At one point he reached

into his briefcase to show an original exhibit — a rather unusual procedure — and Mr. Justice Roberts reached down so far for it that Chief Justice Stone said, “Will the Clerk please take the document and hand it up before Mr. Justice Roberts falls off the bench?” After Stryker took his seat, the judges immediately resumed their frosty aloofness while wire-tapping was defended by O. John Rogge, who has since embarked on a lucrative career as a lecture-platform champion of civil liberties. But in its decision, the court unanimously upheld Stryker’s position, with Mr. Justice Roberts concurring in a special opinion which cited the exhibit he had retrieved at such peril to life and limb.

Stryker feels that an advocate, no less than a judge, has a dignity to maintain in the courtroom, and must be just as punctilious about it. Once, when tempers were getting short during the trial of a protracted negligence case, Stryker thundered his reply at the opposing counsel, who felt some moisture on his cheek. He immediately shouted, “Stop spitting at me!”

Stryker drew back in indignation. “Your Honor, I have been insulted. I demand an apology.” The judge who had no time for recriminations between counsel, said, “Please forget about it. Proceed with the case.”

“Your Honor,” insisted Stryker, “I

cannot proceed. A very serious accusation has been made against me. I am charged with an offense against ethics, decency and good manners. Under this charge, I am useless to my client. I shall therefore find it necessary to withdraw from the case if the accusation is not retracted.”

The judge, having no desire to postpone the trial while the defendant sought a new attorney, finally gave in. He turned to the attorney for the plaintiff and asked him to apologize — “Your Honor, I did not mean to imply that the spitting was intentional. I will gladly retract the word.”

Stryker graciously accepted, and the trial went on. When he summed up to the jury, however, Stryker recalled the incident. Asserting that the whole suit was trumped up, and that the complaint was groundless, he said, “You have seen right in this courtroom how the attorney for the plaintiff recklessly imputes motives, how he makes false charges that he cannot prove, and how he exaggerates. Well, gentlemen, that is the man who filed this suit and who drew up this complaint.” The jury returned a verdict for Stryker’s client.

Stryker has no qualms about taking advantage of his opponent’s mistakes. On one occasion he represented a doctor who was hailed before the medical society on charges of malpractice; he had employed as a doctor

in his "Body and Mind" clinic someone who was not a licensed physician. At the hearing Stryker proved that the deception was not intentional, since the defendant relied on the popular impression that the man was a physician. He had been known around town for years as "doctor," he received mail from the American Medical Association addressed to him as "doctor," and he was accepted in hospitals as an expert on pathology and generally believed to be a licensed physician. The tribunal nevertheless decided that, even though unintentional, the defendant's action was culpably negligent in that he failed to consult the official medical directory before hiring the man. He was sentenced to suspension from practice.

An appeal was taken and printed briefs exchanged. When Stryker opened the argument in court, he pointed out that the prosecution had cited a case as law in its brief when, in fact, it had been reversed by a higher court. He hammered the point home:

Before citing a case in a brief, every competent lawyer checks it in *Shepard's Citations* to make sure it hasn't been reversed. Every lawyer has a copy of *Shepard's* on his desk, and any first year law student knows that this simple check is absolutely necessary. It was very negligent of the prosecutor to fail to do this. But I am not asking

his removal from office, nor am I asking his disbarment. How cruel it would be to ask that, for an unintentional offense. And yet, Your Honors, that is exactly what he is asking you to do to my client, for an error far less negligent, far less unusual, than his own!

The court was impressed with this argument and Stryker won a reversal.

v

Stryker is famous as a mimic. He entertains his friends with brilliant imitations of prominent people, and he has put this gift to frequent use in the courtroom. Once, many years ago, he mimicked a witness so well that the man burst into tears, jumped down from the witness stand, and dashed out of the courtroom door.

Several years ago, at the close of an important case, Stryker's staff gathered early in the evening in his Wall Street Tower office to work on the summation. It was customary for them to go directly to the office from the courtroom to read the day's record and arrange the next day's work, while Stryker, after a more leisurely dinner and a short rest, would join them at about eight, and work until midnight. But on this occasion he was late. The hours passed, and Stryker's associates grew mystified and frightened. They called everywhere, and they waited all through the night, but he was no-

where to be found until the next morning, when he appeared in court, fresh as a daisy. Brushing his staff's notes aside, he arose to begin his summation without a scrap of paper in his hands. He told the jurors that he wanted to remind them of what the prosecutor had said in his opening, and how far his proof had fallen short. At that point he picked up a transcript of record, and read it in the profound and sepulchral bass voice of the prosecutor. Stryker's imitation was perfect, including all the mannerisms and mispronunciations of words. The resemblance was astounding. The jury was captivated and all of the sting was taken out of the prosecutor's case. When the prosecutor arose to reply, his voice sounded so much like Stryker's imitation that the jury burst into laughter. Embarrassed, he stumbled on as best he could, and the jurors covered their giggles. But the acquittal verdict came back soon after the jurors retired.

While the jurors were out, Stryker's assistants asked him where he had been all night. "Boys," he said, "I couldn't practice that kind of a summation in a crowded office with all you fellows around. So I reserved a big, private squash court at the club and worked there all night."

Alexander Woollcott was a Hamilton classmate and close friend of Stryker, and once described him as "a

curious mixture of Clarence Darrow, Demosthenes, the late Abe Levy, St. George, William Sylvanus Baxter, Jr., and a bull of Bashan." Stryker delivered the only speech at Woollcott's memorial services. Woollcott once said that, despite his huge success at the bar, Stryker bore in his heart the scar of deep frustration at not being a playwright or an actor. Actually, of course, he is a little of both. A Stryker courtroom production is a well paced series of scenes arranged in dramatic crescendo. Indeed, after the Hines trial, a Hollywood talent scout asked him to come out and play the rôle of a trial lawyer, but Stryker refused. And while his books might indicate a suppressed desire for a life of scholarship, that too he declined when a Harvard Law School chair in criminal law was offered to him. Stryker, then, despite friend Woollcott's analysis, seems to be doing exactly what he likes to do.

Some of his family friends have been disturbed at his willingness to defend assorted shady politicians and other accused criminals. This mystifies Stryker, who feels that his oath as a lawyer obliges him to see that defendants get the fair trial to which the law entitles them, regardless of their associations or the nature of the crime with which they are charged. It is a point of honor with him that he is an officer of the court, without personal

interest in any issue. When he accepts a case he commits himself wholeheartedly to it. But he does not, thereby, become associated with his client's business or political activities.

This, of course, is the traditional rôle of the barrister, but it is fast disappearing in the United States today. Attorneys are more and more casting their lots with special interests. There are labor lawyers and management lawyers, mining lawyers, manufacturing lawyers and theatrical lawyers, plaintiffs' automobile accident lawyers and defendants' automobile accident lawyers. The attorney, although theoretically an officer of the court, is tending to become a party litigant. Americans who are accustomed to this partisanship in the legal profession find it hard to understand a true advocate of the old school like Lloyd Paul Stryker. They might never understand Stryker's god, Lord Erskine, the great prototype of the English barrister, who defended one volume of Thomas Paine and prosecuted another. When some of his friends say that a lawyer of his standing and reputation should not undertake the defense of a disreputable character, Stryker will reply, "You seem to believe that the accused always has a right to be represented by counsel, but not by good counsel."

Perhaps his greatest disappoint-

ment along these lines was the first Alger Hiss trial. During the course of his preparation, he grew to feel like a father to Hiss, and became thoroughly convinced that the brilliant young diplomat had been the victim of history's most diabolical frame-up. His assignment in this case was no easy one. In most criminal cases, it is enough for the defense lawyer to keep his client out of jail. Hiss wanted nothing less than a resounding vote of confidence from the jury — a vote so emphatic that he could again resume his highly respectable and highly sensitive job with the Carnegie Institution. A jury disagreement was almost as bad as a conviction, so far as the Hiss career was concerned, and Stryker is still bitter about the conduct of the prosecution and the behavior of the press at the time.

Of course, all this hubbub and raising of eyebrows pleases Stryker no end. He eagerly reads all the derogatory articles that are printed about his cases, and carries them around to show to his friends. The only martyrdom available to him is that offered by a hostile press and public, and Stryker drinks in their condemnation thirstily. With his deeply religious background, he wouldn't feel that he was doing his duty if he didn't make some sacrifice, and a sense of sacrifice is not always easy for a man in his income bracket to achieve.

THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL

BY CHET VONIER

THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL is unique among influential newspapers in the United States in its ability to hold a commanding position in its field and at the same time infuriate a large proportion of its readers. Only the Kansas City *Star* dominates its home grounds more completely than the *Journal*; but where the *Star's* opinions are received with much respect by its readers, the *Journal* is frequently denounced by a large section of its clientele. Indeed, a stranger, moving in certain circles, might live in Milwaukee for months before discovering that the "goddamn *Journal*" is not the official name of the newspaper.

By any standard, the *Journal* must be included among the great newspapers of America. It has accomplished some notable journalistic feats, and its news coverage is extensive and rigorously honest. But the paper has also acquired a deep sense of its obligation to Milwaukee, and it is in the interpretation of that duty that it arouses the resentment of readers who like to live their own lives. The *Jour-*

nal has adopted the role of a stern but just parent to Milwaukee, and in spite of some lively objections, continues to maintain its position with a high degree of success.

The *Journal* is a home town newspaper, in the same good sense that the Kansas City *Star* is rooted in Kansas City. It has an earnest and sincere desire to serve the city and to enhance its importance. It will advocate unpopular causes because it believes they are good for the city; and it will denounce conditions that it believes bad, even though many citizens prefer things that way. It takes especial care that its writers, wherever they are, preserve a Milwaukee viewpoint. The *Journal* maintains a New York bureau, but the personnel is changed every year, so the writers won't forget that their New York news is written for a Milwaukee audience. After the war, the *Journal* sent a man to Poland to report back on relatives of Milwaukee's large Polish population. When several Wisconsin families joined the Mantanuska settlement project in

CHET VONIER is a member of the staff of the Los Angeles Times. His last contribution to the MERCURY, "The State of Wisconsin," appeared in the issue for August 1948.

Alaska, a *Journal* man went along and stayed nearly a year to report on their progress and the problems they confronted.

A few years ago, bingo was a highly regarded pastime in Milwaukee, with games flourishing in lodge halls, church basements and vacant stores. It was, as the *Journal* pointed out vigorously, clearly illegal. But because the games were either actually or ostensibly sponsored by religious, fraternal or veterans' organizations, the incumbent district attorney steadily refused to issue warrants against the operators. The *Journal* protested loudly and vainly. When the district attorney died in office, the governor appointed a successor who saw things the *Journal's* way. Bingo parlors went out of business abruptly. The frustrated bingo players emphatically voted the district attorney out of office at the next election, but bingo never came back. The succeeding prosecutor, whatever his own feelings were, did not risk the *Journal's* displeasure.

What happened to the conscientious district attorney keeps on happening to *Journal*-endorsed candidates. Its record in support of individuals is not spectacular, but in its advocacy of issues, it is much more fortunate. In the 1948 municipal elections, the *Journal's* choice for mayor was defeated, while a series of bond issues, advocated by the *Journal* but

opposed by the successful candidate, was approved. By and large, Milwaukee is the kind of city the *Journal* wants it to be.

II

The directing genius of the newspaper, Harry J. Grant, insists that the *Journal* is not a crusading newspaper. This is true in the sense that it does not create an issue for the sake of the crusade. However, it will spend much time and money gathering material for an exposé if it believes that conditions warrant it. For many years, the northern resort area of Wisconsin was the nation's most lush garden of slot machines. Resort proprietors and complacent officials grew wealthy. When Congress passed a law requiring the licensing of all such devices, the *Journal* published the names of all Wisconsin licensees, revealing that the state led the nation in the number of its slot machines.

Under the *Journal's* earnest prodding, the state legislature adopted a statute placing the enforcement of anti-gambling laws in the hands of state instead of local officials, and made forfeiture of liquor licenses a penalty for violation. Within a few months, slot machines were not only out of the resorts, but out of every club in the state as well.

The resort proprietors predicted that they would be forced out of busi-

ness. There was even talk of secession by the northern counties, which nobody, including the talkers, took seriously, since few of these counties are self-supporting. Twice candidates have appeared advocating repeal of the gambling laws, but they were overwhelmingly defeated. The resorts have continued to flourish and gambling, except in such unregenerate spots as Hurley, Wis., has been wiped out. Horse parlors and dice games open sporadically in Milwaukee, but they close almost immediately.

State enforcement officers will break up a raffle at a firemen's picnic or an American Legion benefit as vigorously as they will raid a blackjack game in a Hurley saloon. Oddly enough, a *Journal* reporter is usually present at any such raids. Even when there is no official action, the *Journal* will report on church picnics or the like where games of chance are conducted. These accounts seldom endear the *Journal* to the parishioners, but neither do they reduce the circulation of the *Journal*.

Along with other attributes of proprietorship, the *Journal* considers itself to have first claim on news in Milwaukee. It is no uncommon thing for a citizen to be awakened by an indignant *Journal* reporter demanding to know by what right the citizen had presumed to break a piece of news in

the *Sentinel* first. The indignation is no pose—the reporter has been taught to believe that a beat by the *Sentinel* is a violation of the *Journal's* fundamental rights.

The prime journalistic enemy is not its local opponent, however, but the *Chicago Tribune*, which outdoes even the *Journal* in its arrogance. Colonel McCormick's fantastic isolationism is criticised sharply and bitterly by the *Journal*; and the *Tribune's* favorite epithet for the *Journal* is a precious euphonism, "wood pussy." There have been recurrent rumors that the *Tribune* would establish an afternoon newspaper in Milwaukee. Many persons in a position to know have stated that the *Tribune* had arranged a site for publication, and a national magazine once reported that a completely trained staff was waiting in Chicago for the Milwaukee invasion. But after three years of such rumors, no move in that direction has been made, and experienced newspapermen doubt that even the wealthy *Tribune* is prepared to slug it out with the *Journal*.

Politically, the *Journal* describes itself as independent. It is as often Republican as Democratic, but it has never tied itself to any political figure. It has been a consistent opponent of the LaFollette dynasty in Wisconsin. It fought with the elder LaFollette and bitterly criticised both young Bob, who succeeded his father as

Senator, and Philip, who served three times as Governor. It was Phil who remarked, during one of his controversies with the *Journal*, that he would rather his children grew up illiterate than to have to depend on the *Journal* for their reading. The newspaper supported Roosevelt in 1932 and 1936, but switched to Willkie in 1940, and gave Dewey an unenthusiastic endorsement in 1944.

Daniel W. Hoan's long incumbency as mayor of Milwaukee — 24 years — was accomplished against the unceasing opposition of the *Journal*, and his eventual defeat in 1940 was a triumph, not for the *Journal*, but for glamor, in the person of handsome young Carl Zeidler. In one of Hoan's campaigns, the *Journal* quoted a statement by an upstate official implying that Hoan's policies were communistic. Hoan was then a Socialist — he has since become a Democrat — and an avowed opponent of Communism. He brought a \$100,000 libel suit against the *Journal*, which was fought through several courts before Hoan lost on a ruling that a newspaper was entitled to considerable leeway in a political campaign.

Labor union leaders denounce the *Journal* even more violently than they do Hearst's Milwaukee *Sentinel*, although the *Journal* has, at various times, earnestly supported the position of the unions in some of their con-

troversies. But in spite of the attitude of their leaders, union members keep on buying the *Journal*, while a newspaper supported by union funds, the Milwaukee *Leader*, was left to languish and die.

It is part of the *Journal's* amazing vitality that enables it to encounter criticism from so many factions and yet continue its growth. It circulates in nine out of every ten homes in the Milwaukee metropolitan area, and in many years, it led the nation in advertising lineage. Financially, it is one of the outstanding successes of the newspaper world. Nevertheless, its advertisers command no special rights in its news columns. A few years ago, a Milwaukee department store, the *Journal's* biggest advertiser, was the victim of a fantastic bomb threat. The general manager of the store begged the newspapers to suppress the story, and even threatened to withdraw its advertising. The *Journal* management answered coldly that its duty lay in publishing the news; it had no right to withhold the facts from the public. For days, until the extortionists were captured, the store was all but deserted by customers, but the general manager did not carry out his threat to cancel his advertising contracts.

The *Journal's* relations with the mechanical unions in the *Journal* plant are entirely amicable, and union

members are accorded the same sick-leave, vacation, pension and stock-holding benefit as the unorganized employees. But when the Newspaper Guild tried to organize the editorial and clerical departments, the *Journal* responded instantly and vigorously. Grant, the publisher, threatened to cancel his employee stock-ownership plan and to resign if the Guild succeeded. In spite of this opposition, some of the highest paid and most influential members of the staff took sides with the Guild and joined in the organization campaign. One of the leaders was Richard S. Davis, who was conducting a daily column, writing drama and music and doing some top-notch reporting. Davis' column was abruptly cancelled.

The Guild had petitioned for an election to determine a bargaining agent for editorial employees, but faced with Grant's attitude, some of the early converts cooled off and the election petition was withdrawn before a vote was taken. That ended the Guild's efforts on the *Journal*. However, *Journal* salaries, vacation and severance pay benefits match closely those maintained under Guild contract elsewhere. Grant subsequently gave the employees controlling interest in the paper's stock, and they now control 55 per cent of the shares; in 1947, they received a handsome 15 per cent dividend.

Davis' column was never restored, but he still does much of the *Journal's* best reporting. He conducted a campaign against slum housing in the city's Negro section, and it was the *Journal's* campaign that brought about a civic housing project in this area. Davis was also sent to Mississippi for the investigation of the late Senator Bilbo's campaign and the intimidation of Negro voters.

III

The man behind the *Journal*, the man responsible for its force and arrogance, is Harry Grant. Grant believes in the *Journal* as fanatically as he believes in himself. Equipped with tremendous force and determination, he reached his dominant position without anyone's consent. By his own admission, all the authority he ever acquired on the *Journal* he assumed. He is now a short, thick-chested and vigorous man of 67, with a forthright and forceful manner and a fine gift for profanity.

He came to the *Journal* as business manager 32 years ago when the paper was engaged in a grim fight for existence. On its way to a commanding position in the Milwaukee newspaper field, the *Journal* threw its resources into a wild gamble. A large part of the city's population was German born or of German extraction, and they were vociferously pro-German in their

sympathies in the first World War, then two years old. Nieman, disturbed by the implications of divided loyalty, began a campaign against "alienism which placed another government above ours." He hired F. Perry Olds from Harvard to make translations from foreign language newspapers. In the course of the next two years, the *Journal* printed five million words of such translations, and their accuracy was never challenged. *Journal* reporters attended meetings of pro-German groups, and their accounts brought federal agents swarming into the city. Advertising contracts were cancelled, circulation fell off, and threats of violence were received daily. Except for putting steel bars over the pressroom windows as a measure against sabotage, the *Journal* took no precautions and abated its campaign not at all.

While the *Journal* was weathering its difficulties, Grant was exercising his own particular genius. When he came to the paper, its greatest profit for any one year had not been over \$25,000. The prestige gained by the *Journal* in its campaign and the subsequent award of the Pulitzer prize, the second ever presented to a newspaper, were important factors in giving the *Journal* leadership in the Milwaukee field. Arthur Brisbane also gave the *Journal* unintentional help. Ambitious to become a newspaper owner in

his own right, Brisbane purchased two evening papers and one morning paper, and consolidated them into a single afternoon newspaper, the *Wisconsin News*. The enterprise did not fulfill Brisbane's hope and the paper passed into the hands of his employer, William Randolph Hearst. The paper, under Hearst, never seriously threatened the *Journal's* position; it finally suspended in 1939, leaving the *Journal* alone in the afternoon field, and faced with only a single morning paper, Hearst's Milwaukee *Sentinel*, as a competitor.

Within three years of his advent on the *Journal*, Grant took over the title of publisher, as usual without consulting the ailing and aged Nieman. He had also acquired a 20 per cent interest in the paper, for which he paid \$100,000, of which \$25,000 was in cash. When the paper was sold after Nieman's death, the property was appraised at \$9 million, making Grant's holding worth \$1.8 million. The *Journal* was begun by Lucius Nieman in the 80's, just as the character of newspapers was changing from bitter partisanship to a degree of objectivity. Nieman at 26 was managing editor of the Milwaukee *Sentinel*, which was then so bitterly biased that it refused to print the name of a successful Democratic candidate for Congress. Nieman bought a straggling little publication that had been started a

few months before as the organ of a minor politician. He undersold his rivals, as Bennett had done with his New York *Herald*, and made a fetish of local news. His society pages were as democratic as a lunch wagon. Anybody, on either side of the tracks, could send in items about their parties and have them printed, with a full list of the guests.

Soon after Nieman started the paper, a fire destroyed one of the leading hotels of the city with a loss of 70 lives. The seven other Milwaukee dailies were piously regretful; the *Journal* charged that the hotel was a firetrap and accused the owners and city officials with shameful greed and criminal negligence. Almost ever since, Milwaukee has been one of the safest cities in the country in regard to fire hazards.

The death of Nieman in 1935 brought about a crisis in the affairs of the *Journal*. His will provided that his stock in the paper should be divided between his widow and his niece, and that the property itself should be sold after the death of Mrs. Nieman. It was apparently no part of Nieman's intention that his subordinates should gain control, since he made a specific provision that no member of the paper's personnel should be made a trustee of the estate.

Mrs. Nieman died only a few months after her husband. She be-

queathed her share of the estate's proceeds to Harvard University to "promote and elevate the standards of journalism in the United States and to educate persons deemed especially qualified for journalism." From this bequest were developed the Nieman Fellowships, now regarded as one of the high honors of newspaper work. When, under terms of the will, it became necessary to sell the property, M. L. Annenberg, publisher of the Racing Form, who subsequently bought the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, made a flat offer of \$10 million. Hearst, Scripps-Howard and Gannett also showed active interest in the property. And Grant, for years the active head of the paper, wanted to continue his control. It was he who discovered a saving clause in Nieman's will. It specified that the paper need not fall to the highest bidder, but might be sold to any group best able to carry out Nieman's policies.

IV

In addition to Grant and Mrs. Nieman's estate, stock was held by Miss Faye McBeath, Nieman's niece, and the heirs of Lloyd T. Boyd, a former business manager of the *Journal*. Grant worked out a complicated plan under which Grant, Miss McBeath and the Boyd estate would each hold a fourth of the shares and the remaining quarter would go to *Journal* em-

ployees, the shares to be sold at a low price over a long period. At the same time, Grant distributed a \$250,000 salary bonus, which covered a fourth of the purchase price.

The court, under the provisions of the saving clause in Nieman's will, approved the scheme after the heirs fought it for a year, and the Grant interests acquired the *Journal* for \$7 million. Since that time, the employees have achieved 55 per cent of the stock control of the paper and its affiliated radio and television stations. The stock ownership plan is administered in a unique manner, however. Though the shares are not held in fee simple [without limitation as to heirs] by the owners, they have all the rights of full ownership except one — disposal of shares in the open market. Shares may be sold only to the corporation; and on the death, resignation or retirement of an employee, the shares must be turned back to the corporation at their current quotation. Actually, the employees hold, instead of shares, "units of beneficial interest" in a trusteeship which really holds the stock. There is a unit holders' council, made up of employees, from which department heads are barred. From this group, one member of the board of directors is chosen. The unit holders' council has only advisory powers, so that (according to Grant's explanation) the

functions of the subordinates as council members cannot interfere with their duties to the paper. Department heads are represented on the board of directors in their own capacity. In explaining the mechanism of the ownership plan, Grant said that it was within the power of the employees to vote him out of his place as chairman of the board of the Journal Company. He also added that at the last meeting, he himself held proxies for 96 per cent of the voting units.

Not all the *Journal* employees are wholly satisfied with the stock ownership scheme. The shares are limited according to the positions held, and a probationary period must be served before an employee is eligible to participate. The young men especially, and some of the older employees, would prefer to see the profits turned out as salary increases, but for the most part, the plan is satisfactory. The shares have so far paid off more than \$4 million in dividends. When they were first sold to employees, it was quoted at \$35 a share. The last valuation set the price at \$83, and Grant expects the next quotation to reach \$100. A new stock dividend of four for one is contemplated, to reduce the price of individual shares.

A product of the business office, Grant seems to be of two minds regarding his editorial department. He

holds a vast respect for it, but seems to doubt an editorial worker's financial acumen. When he retired as president and became chairman of the board, he chose an editorial man, J. Donald Ferguson, to be president in his place. On the other hand, he is reputed to have tried to discourage the son of a friend from going into the editorial field.

"Hell!" Grant is reported to have said, "let me get you a job in advertising. You can't make any money in the goddamn editorial department!"

Grant is highly meticulous about even appearing to ally himself with any political figure. He refused at one time an invitation of a governor to meet Adolph S. Ochs, then publisher of the *New York Times*, lest his appearance at the meeting would appear as an indorsement of the governor. He has an editorial council which discusses policy, but it is Grant who decides what that policy shall be. When he was asked for the purpose of this article, whether the functions of the editorial board included the formation of policy, he rose from his chair and strode angrily to the window. Then he returned and slapped his desk resoundingly.

"No, by God!" he answered, firmly and pointedly, "Harry Grant makes the *Journal* policy!"

The *Journal* and Grant are mechanical perfectionists. They are pioneers in experiment with high speed color work and in color photography. They have recently completed a new color photography laboratory on which enough money was spent to equip a sizeable newspaper with complete machinery. The mechanical superintendent holds a number of patents on color press processes. As new machinery is developed, the *Journal* replaces its old equipment. The head of a mechanical department of a rival newspaper was heard to lament, "I only wish we could get some of that equipment that the *Journal* is throwing out."

What worries many *Journal* employee-stockholders is what will happen when Grant retires or dies. He is so forceful and dominant a figure in the *Journal* organization that no single subordinate seems now capable of replacing him. The stock trust agreement provides that the trust will continue until 30 years after the death of the last grandchild of the Grant-Boyd-McBeath group of stockholders. But before that happens, a spirited contest for succession seems inevitable. Unless such a contest develops into a schism threatening the entire *Journal* structure, the position of the paper seems unassailable for a long time to come.

WE COULD EAT ACORNS AND WEEDS

BY JAMES A. TOBEY, DR. P.H.

GLOOMY scientists and prophets of doom tell us that we are plundering our planet, that the race cannot survive because the world's population is increasing much more rapidly than its food supply. Like Thomas Malthus, the English economist who predicted poverty through overpopulation as far back as 1798, they believe that sooner or later we shall be faced with malnutrition, undernutrition, and even starvation — unless something drastic is done about the situation, such as the effective preservation of the earth's rapidly vanishing top soil.

We do plunder our planet to a certain extent today, since man is naturally wasteful and shortsighted; but our plight is not quite so dark as it is painted by such pessimists. Even if depletion of our normal food supplies could reach the point of disaster, we might still survive, with the wisdom of our ancestors, by returning to such nourishing and readily available foods as acorns, weeds, lichens, insects, reptiles and birds — to the tremendous

variety of fauna and flora which are now despised, scorned, and spurned by so-called civilized man. The world is stocked with strange and exotic foods which could stave off starvation for centuries; many of them were enjoyed by man in the past, and many of them could easily be eaten today.

For one example, consider the humble acorn. At one time in the world's history the fruit of the oak was more widely consumed by man than wheat or rice. It was once a staple article of diet in North America; but with so many nuts to choose from today, we pass it by — and thus waste an excellent food crop every year. At one time the acorn was used extensively to fatten swine, which were later consumed by man; but even that practice has gone out of fashion. Nevertheless, since forests of oak, the genus *Quercus* of the beech family, still flourish in the temperate zones of all continents, the fruit of this tree alone could almost sustain a great part of the human race.

DR. JAMES A. TOBEY is a well-known authority on public health, whose last contribution to the MERCURY, "Exaggerated Dangers of Germ Warfare," appeared in the July issue.

The first colonists in North America found that the Indians were accustomed to dry acorns over fires, then boil them in water, and eat them with fish or flesh. These aborigines also ground the nuts between stones to make a flour, which they either mixed with corn meal or consumed unmixed in the form of flat baked cakes. They knew that the acorn contains oil, which they extracted by boiling the nuts in lye (prepared from wood ashes) until the oil floated on top. They used this oil as a sweet sauce for meat; and, as described in a book published in 1672 by one of the early explorers, they "put [it] into bladders to annoint their naked limbs, which corroborates them exceedingly." "Corroborate" meant that they were strengthened, and when the oil became rancid, they probably were, in one way or another. At any rate, the early settlers in America tried the acorn and found that it was good, especially on those frequent occasions when other foods were scarce.

When gathered raw, the acorn is bitter, because it contains tannin and other substances; but when parched over glowing coals, it becomes sweet and palatable. Powdered acorn not only makes a satisfactory bread, but can be (and is) used as a substitute for coffee. It is also a good source of alcohol, along with the chestnut. In food values, it resembles the sweet chest-

nut, its beech-family cousin, which is consumed to a greater extent in this country, although most of our chestnut trees have been ruthlessly cut down for timber. In the mountainous regions of Southern Europe chestnut culture is a thriving food industry, since the tasty nut is the original basis of the porridge known as *polenta*. And in America the rather bitter horse chestnut was eaten by the Indians, and could be eaten again in an emergency, although the sweet chestnut and the chinkapin are much more palatable.

Most of the common nuts, such as walnuts, almonds, filberts or hazelnuts, are high in fat content, running from 40 to 65 per cent. The acorn and the chestnut, on the other hand, are low in fat (about 2 or 3 per cent) and high in starch (about 42 per cent), and thus are easier to digest than other nuts. The acorn is said to possess a special sugar called "quercit"; but much more valuable than that, it is a good source of the important B-complex vitamins. Although the acorn and the sweet chestnut are both fair sources of such food-minerals as iron and calcium, they are less abundant in these and other nutrients than the almond and the peanut. (The highly nourishing peanut is not a real nut but a legume like the bean, the pea, and the equally nourishing soybean.)

More than once in the history of

the world, the acorn has come to the rescue of populations threatened with famine. A notable instance occurred during the American Civil War, when the Union and Confederate armies had devastated the region around Richmond. Taking a leaf from the experience of the Pamunkey Indians, the hungry civilians of this area lived for many months on a partial diet of acorns and weeds.

II

We can learn much from the culinary practices of the North American Indians. Their only cereal grain was corn, since wheat did not come to the Americas until the Spanish and English colonists introduced it in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. But the Indians had several excellent sources of flour, in addition to the acorn. They ground up the roots of the cat briar or green briar, which yield a reddish powder; and they prepared a sweet white flour by heating and pulverizing the roots of the cattail, the tall cylindrical plant which flourishes in our marshes and swamps.

With their nutritive intuition, the Indians also employed the seeds of the great sunflower, a strictly native American plant which now grows all over the world. They ate these seeds, either raw or roasted; they ground them into flour, and they extracted oil from them. Today we raise the

valuable sunflower only as an ornament and regard the cat briar and the cattail in the realm of pests.

By trial and error the Indians discovered that dried venison, wrapped in sumac leaves, would keep longer and better than meat wrapped in any other way. Three centuries after the colonists came to America, scientists discovered that the sumac contains gallic acid, the parent substance of propyl gallate, now widely used as a preservative and anti-oxidant in the food industry.

Green plants and herbs which we now look upon as useless and troublesome were delicacies to the dietetically wise Indians. They greatly esteemed the lowly dandelion, the pokeweed, the watercresses, and many other greens which now grow wild in our vacant lots, meadows, fields, and marshes. Modern science has demonstrated that greens such as these are rich sources of calcium and Vitamins A and C. The green tops of carrots and turnips, for example, are far richer in vitamins than their roots, which are much more commonly consumed. Many of these greens contain the recently discovered vitamin, folic acid, which aids in the prevention and control of certain forms of anemia.

During World War II the U. S. Office of War Information published a surprisingly long list of edible native weeds, with directions for their proper

preparation. For our soldiers in the Pacific the War Department issued a manual describing hundreds of edible plants which could be safely and profitably consumed if troops were separated from their units and had to depend upon foraging. A few enterprising state health and agriculture departments have also issued pamphlets or leaflets on edible weeds and greens. Among such neglected weeds of high food value are dandelion greens, plantain, purslane, wild chicory, dock, sorrel, milkweed, summer mustard, stinging nettle, peppergrass, and lamb's quarters (which succulent plant is also known as corn salad, fetticus, field salad, lamb's lettuce, goosefoot, and by several other names; but by whatever name it is an excellent food). Even the skunk cabbage becomes tasty and nutritious after you cook out the "skunkiness."

Some of these greens may be consumed raw in salads, mixed in with the more familiar domesticated greens such as lettuce, romaine, endive, celery, mint, chives, and parsley; but most wild weeds are improved by cooking and serving like asparagus or spinach. That great nuisance of our gardens and fields, the common milkweed, has shoots which are as tender and toothsome as those of the carefully nurtured asparagus, although they are thinner. The same may be said of young pokeweed, the succu-

lent stalks of which should be cut off well above the ground, since the root is not edible. All of the wild weeds are at their best, of course, when they are young, during the Spring.

In England, the land of the red, red rose, the hips of the rose are frequently used as food, usually in the form of a jelly or syrup. Rose hips, the fruit of this plant, happen to be a very rich source of ascorbic acid, or Vitamin C, the nutrient which prevents scurvy and plays other important rôles in the human body. Many wild fruits possess equally valuable properties. One of the favorite fruits of the Indians, for instance, was the puckery American persimmon, which was mixed with corn meal and made into puddings. Like most fruits, the persimmon is highly astringent when green, but sweeter when fully ripe. This is also true of the cultivated apple and the banana, which are indigestible when green, but easily and readily digested, even by small infants, when completely ripe.

Valuable as wild greens and fruits are as sources of vitamins and minerals, they have one drawback as foods — in general, they are poor in food-energy, offering comparatively few calories for their bulk. They do not stick to the ribs like meat and potatoes, and their satiety value is low. Therefore, even in emergencies, we must have some good protein foods.

III

One of the potential and relatively untapped sources of such protein foods is yeast, now used mainly in the manufacture of bread and beer. Dried and compressed yeast could, however, be extensively employed as a direct food. Not only is it rich in protein (some types have about 50 per cent), but it is the best known source of thiamine and other vitamins of the B group. Although yeast must be processed by growing the unicellular fungi in sugar and nitrogen, it is an economical food. It does have a horrible taste, but this can be overcome by mixing the dried yeast with other foods, such as peanut butter or jelly.

Many excellent types of meat are now scorned by fastidious Americans. The rodent known as the muskrat, for instance, is a real delicacy; but it can only be sold to the public as "marsh rabbit." The flesh of the real rabbit is often consumed, of course; but it could be utilized to a greater extent, especially in view of the well known capacities of the rabbit as a rapid and fertile breeder. When I was concerned with food problems in Sicily during the recent war, one of my colleagues suggested that rabbits be raised in abundance to help feed a population threatened with famine. Fortunately, about that time a huge

catch of fish from the local waters solved the problem, if only temporarily. As a matter of fact, the sea is still a great untapped source of edible foods, despite the considerable use of seafoods. It is full of fish that we often spurn as too coarse or rough, such as the carp, the skate, the shark, the whale and many others.

Turtles, tortoises, and terrapins, which belong to the reptile family, are now consumed to some extent, and you can even get canned rattlesnake meat if you want it. I have eaten alligator steak and found it fairly good, although a little tough and gamey. Snakes and lizards are eaten by many primitive peoples and are a good type of meat, despite the common prejudice against these slithering vertebrates. Land snails are, of course, a delicacy in many countries; in some parts of the world, such as Africa, there are snails bigger than a man's fist, which could provide a substantial meal.

Insects have always been eaten by people in many parts of the world. In times of famine the Chinese, and even such discriminating consumers as the ancient Hebrews, have feasted on locusts. The American Indians often ate grasshoppers and crickets, while the West Indians to this day toast certain grubs, which are said to taste like chestnuts when thus prepared. I have been told that roasted

grasshoppers are tasty and palatable when dipped in a soy sauce, and they undeniably have food value. It is possible that insect culture may sometime play an important part in coping with a diminishing food supply.

If world famine ever becomes imminent, numerous other sources of food would be available, such as wild birds, cats, rats, dogs, horses, wild game, and a profusion of wild bulbs, berries, plants, and vegetables. Even grass, the bark of trees, sawdust, and earth can be eaten in a pinch, although none of these items have much food value. As a matter of fact, earth-eating or geophagy is common in some parts of the world, mostly among peoples of low culture who are faced with malnutrition.

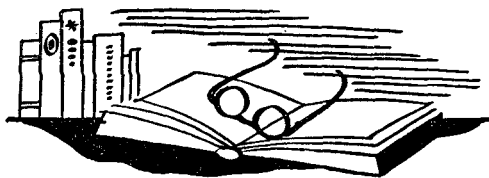
The prospect of world starvation is remote, but it would be even more remote if we were less wasteful with our present food supplies. Only in recent years, for example, has skim milk been appreciated as the splendid and highly nourishing food that it is. Whey, the by-product of cheese making, will also be appreciated some day, since it contains some of the valuable protein of milk, most of the vitamins, and some of the minerals. Practically none of it is now used as human food, although it could be used to advantage in dried form.

The blood of meat animals is another nutritive substance that could

be employed to a greater extent in our diets. Among races whose diets are restricted, such as the Eskimos, the people are wise enough to consume the entire animal, entrails and all, thus getting vitamins and minerals not present in the flesh. Not so many years ago liver was regarded in this country as food fit only for the cat, although now it is more widely consumed. Next to pure milk, it is the best all-around available food we have. Kidneys, brains, heart, pancreas, tripe, and other animal organs are also valuable, but are often wasted.

It has been suggested that science could avert any threatened famine by providing us with concentrated food in the form of pills, but it is doubtful if that day will ever come. The human digestive system requires a certain amount of bulk for efficiency, and pills cannot provide this, no matter how nourishing they are. To sustain life, there must be food and liquids in quantity as well as quality. Possibly surgeons could alter our digestive tracts so that we might live on pills; but if they did, they would probably throw the entire human machine out of kilter, since it operates as a well-coordinated unit. Although man sometimes has difficulty in coping with the elements and forces of nature, he is on the whole too ingenious to let himself starve, even if he continues willy-nilly to plunder his planet.

THE LIBRARY



AN ORIENTAL VIEWS AMERICA

by CHARLES ANGOFF

THE United States has puzzled the Old World almost from its very beginning. The English, in particular, for a long time could make little sense out of what Tennyson called the "Gigantic daughter of the West." The poet laureate wished her well, and so did Coleridge, who looked upon the new nation as an "august conception . . . Great Britain in a state of glorious magnification." But Macaulay was filled with foreboding. He predicted that some Caesar or Napoleon would seize the government, "or your republic will be as fearfully plundered and laid waste by barbarians in the twentieth century as the Roman Empire was in the fifth," with the difference that "your Huns and Vandals will have engendered within your own country by your own institutions." Dr. Samuel Johnson, as is well known, looked upon us as "a race of convicts, [who] ought to be

thankful for anything we allow them short of hanging," and he told Boswell that he was "willing to love all mankind, except an American." The poet W. S. Landor could only "detest the American character," while Sidney Smith, in his celebrated article in the *Edinburgh Review* in 1820, asked, "In the four corners of the globe, who reads an American book? or goes to an American play? or looks at an American picture or statue? What does the world yet owe to American physicians or surgeons? What new substance have their chemists discovered?"

Later Englishmen were less condescending than Mr. Smith. Some, indeed, were very much impressed with the land and the people, and said so in public print. Lord Bryce's *American Commonwealth*, with its vast understanding of and admiration for the United States, would have made Dr. Johnson frantic. And Dr. Denis Brogan's shorter and less ambitious essay, *The American Character*, published but six years ago, was, in

some respects, even more laudatory.

The French people, from the first, were friendly toward the United States, and treated us with great seriousness and respect. Alexis de Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*, though it first saw print in 1835, is still probably the most penetrating analysis of the American way of life ever written by a foreigner. French writers were very sensitive to the works of American authors, and they appreciated the full stature of at least one of our poets, Edgar Allan Poe, before our own critics and our own reading public did. André Siegfried's *America Comes of Age* is marred somewhat by his failure to discount the shallow anti-Americanism of the noisier and temporarily more influential writers of the twenties, yet it is filled with sharp insights into our manners and with warm feeling for our entire scheme of things.

The peoples — at least, the writers — of other nations did not concern themselves very much with us until relatively recently. For decades they seemed to look upon us as little more than a semi-civilized British colony that somehow managed to shake off the mother country. The Germans and Austro-Hungarians barely gave us any notice whatever until well toward the end of the last century, and when Leon Kellner wrote his little treatise on American literature,

as late as 1915, it was largely to sneer at Puritanism, or, rather, his conception of it. The Russians, the Italians, and the Japanese seldom took the trouble even to sneer.

The first World War brought the American people and those of the rest of the civilized world into more intimate contact than ever before, but the non-English and non-French speaking world was still quite ignorant about us. Hitler, Mussolini, and Tojo built their predatory schemes only upon the vast misunderstanding of America, which their intellectuals fed them. Stalin is being similarly misled, as he will quickly find out on the unhappy day when, and if, he decides to do away with "the decaying American democracy." It is truly shocking, nay, almost incredible, that the recognized leader of the democratic nations of the world in the epochal struggle with totalitarian tyranny should be so little known by so large a section of the people of the globe.

II

The Chinese, who boast the oldest and greatest civilization known to man, and many of whom have studied in our colleges and universities, seem to be as little informed about us as any other people, if one is to judge by Lin Yutang's latest book, *On the Wisdom of America* [\$5.00. John Day].

A "spiritual journey through American writing," it is about half anthology and half commentary about things American. Dr. Lin quotes extensively from some forty American authors, including Henry Adams, Clarence Day, William James, Benjamin Franklin, George Santayana, James Thurber, E. B. White, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sr. and Jr., Christopher Morley, James Russell Lowell, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry David Thoreau, Thomas Jefferson, and David Grayson, the alter ego of Ray Stannard Baker, friend and biographer of President Wilson.

Dr. Lin is very polite to American writers, but he cannot hide his condescension to them. The Chinese, he seems to say, were, of course, far better in every field of literary composition, and, indeed, the highest compliment he can pay an American author is to compare him to a Chinese writer or philosopher. Dr. Lin considers Benjamin Franklin "that wisest of Americans (perhaps also the greatest)" — which, when one recalls the very sizeable Babbitt who resided in Franklin's soul, is perhaps the most damning praise ever accorded American culture — but when Dr. Lin wants to say something really laudatory about him he says that "Franklin talked like an American Confucius." Dr. Lin rates Emerson and Thoreau among America's greatest sages, but

he hastens to add that they "quoted liberally from Confucius and Mencius. . . . The Transcendentalists attended to the best of Oriental culture. An idea, like a seed carried by a sea bird across the ocean, was brought and deposited in another continent; . . ."

Dr. Lin's remarks upon the writers he has selected are seldom original; most often they are commonplace and sometimes they are bizarre. Emerson, of course, was a sage, but to say that his wisdom had the "ingredients of wistfulness and common sense" is to miss the very essence of his greatness. Emerson's ideas were of a most uncommon nature, penetrating and even startling in their freshness, and his whole outlook was anything but wistful. His metaphysic was hard and clear and comprehended almost all the arts and sciences. To call James Branch Cabell "another American master of irony" is to play havoc with the phrase "master of irony." Twenty-five years ago the more brash American critics had a high opinion of Cabell's works, but there is hardly a respectable critic now writing who takes Cabell seriously. To say of Thoreau merely that he was "in a very special sense, the prophet of the individual and the defender of the individual against the state," is to say only what every bright college senior would write on his examination paper.

Dr. Lin is at his most bizarre in his remarks on David Grayson. He quotes from his works often and at length. "Grayson is mature, if any American thinker is mature." He has the wisdom of Emerson, but he communicates it "in a more vivid concrete manner." There is "serenity of spirit" in Grayson, who "has achieved something that the world in general and the modern world in particular sadly lack." Alas, the samples of Grayson's work that Dr. Lin quotes make embarrassing reading. When he didn't write biography, Grayson wrote books for young boys and for those oldsters who like to read nostalgic pulp fiction with their bifocals. One of the leading characters, obviously speaking for the author, in *Great Possessions, III*, for example, says: "Waal, I'll tell ye — a little peace and comfort for me and Josie in our old age, and a little something to make the children remember us when we're gone. Isn't that worth working for?"

It is perhaps not surprising that a man who likes such writings is inclined to be pretty much of an Eddie Gues-tian philosopher. Dr. Lin had revealed this tendency in full measure in his previous books, especially in *The Importance of Living*. Obviously he reveals that he hasn't changed. In a section entitled "Adam and Eve" Dr. Lin suddenly asks, "What is man, anyhow?

Do we know the answer to that question better than man did a hundred years ago?" Well, in spite of all the advances in the sciences, Dr. Lin is compelled to say in reply to these questions, think what you will, "I would not bet yes and I would not bet no." Sad to say, not one of us — not a single one of us — can live forever, yet, it seems, the inevitable end to all life is not all black. "Death," admits Dr. Lin, "is an ugly fact, but it is fascinating." Dr. Lin is also convinced that "it is the human being's capacity for dreaming, his unwillingness to accept the gray wall of facts as his prison, his power of pulling down the blinds on present facts and sallying forth to seek the adventure of the unknown and unrealized, that is the ticket to his redemption." A country of dreamers can be a prosperous country. That we must never forget. But we must also never forget that "A prosperous people and a happy people are two different things." On the strictly personal aspect of living, Dr. Lin does not hesitate to say, "There is nothing so intimate in a man's life, or in a woman's, as marriage." Dr. Lin lets his reader in on something else he has learned in a lifetime of contemplation, to wit, that "Uncertainty is bad because it makes a man nervous."

It seems incredible that Dr. Lin was ever considered a profound

philosopher and an acute observer of our culture. He has no more to say than did the late William Lyon Phelps. Nay, he has very much less to say. Here is a man who, after living in our midst for ten years, has taken a "spiritual journey through American writing," who heaps mountains of praise upon David Grayson, yet finds no space for Emily Dickinson or

Robert Frost or Willa Cather or Josiah Royce or Stephen Crane or many others of the same stature.

Dr. Lin has been hailed as a glorious representative of the eternal qualities of Chinese culture, and his books have been read by millions of Americans. This must be regarded as but another of the many misfortunes that have lately befallen the Chinese people.

TIDE OF LILAC

BY FRANCES FROST

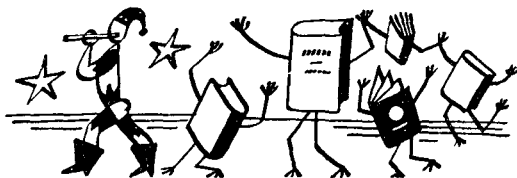
From the Kennebeck to Casco,
from Lebanon to Dover,
from Champlain to New Bedford,
lilac has taken over.

On roads to Narragansett,
by Cornwall cellar holes,
the lilac spires are clustered
to plague New England souls.

Purple in clean-swept dooryards,
guarding the worn doorstones,
lilac invades the marrow
of reticent strong bones.

And careful housewives shiver,
and cautious men bite lips,
when they, with no one looking,
touch blue with their fingertips.

THE CHECK LIST



PUBLIC AFFAIRS

I CHOSE JUSTICE, by Victor Kravchenko. \$3.75. *Scribners*. Mr. Kravchenko, the former Soviet official whose earlier work, *I Chose Freedom*, has probably done as much as any book yet written to disenchant world opinion with the Soviet Union, has come up with another volume which should prove harrowing reading for Communists and fellow-travelers. Nominally an account of his successful libel suit against a French Communist magazine which attacked his first book, it is actually a stunning indictment of life in the USSR. To refute the charge in *Les Lettres Françaises* that his earlier book was an anti-Soviet fabrication concocted by the U. S. State Department, the author marshalled witnesses from anti-Soviet Russian escapees who testified publicly at the possible risk of their lives. Their testimony on the collectivization drives, the mass purges and conditions in forced labor camps, reproduced in this book, adds new material to the familiar catalogue of Soviet horror. Mr. Kravchenko's narrative is buttressed with such documentation as photostats of orders of confinement in labor camps, and scrip money used in the camps.

ZERO, *The Story of Terrorism*, by Robert Payne. \$3.00. *John Day*. Mr. Payne has constructed a very substantial bogey-man, the "Nechayev monster," by which he attempts to explain the nature and scope of modern terrorism. Sergei Nechayev was the Russian nihilist whose *Revolutionary Catechism* directly influenced both Lenin and Hitler. Payne sees him as "personified irresponsibility," a man who believed in terror for the sake of terror, and he sees him everywhere — in communism, fascism, economic royalism, religious schismaticism, romanticism, and even in Howard Unruh (who recently shot twelve people in Camden, N. J.). He lumps most of these diverse elements together under the common banner of what he terms "the nihilist conspiracy." But his attempt to define the modern world purely in terms of destructivity *vs.* creativity is at best myopic; he completely ignores the problem of power for the sake of power, as expressed in George Orwell's *1984*, and he seldom considers the sociological conditions behind each outbreak of terrorism.

THE FUTURE OF DEMOCRATIC CAPITALISM, by Thurman W. Arnold,

Morris L. Ernst, Adolf A. Berle, Jr., Lloyd K. Garrison and Sir Alfred Zimmern. \$2.00. *University of Pennsylvania Press*. The second series of Benjamin Franklin Lectures is particularly valuable because of a clear-cut essay by Adolf Berle on the nature of the modern corporation. Mr. Berle believes that the corporation "has become a unique institution," an entity whose size can be justified by its actual operating economies and services; but he also thinks that a common ground can be worked out with the state, through public opinion, in regard to public planning. In his fine lecture on civil liberties, Morris Ernst warns that the trend to monopoly in the communications field is dangerous; he recommends that financial sources be publicly disclosed when organized minorities attempt to influence public opinion. In the remaining lectures, Thurman Arnold finds that "inexorable economic forces" will push the United States into a wider free-trade area with Western Europe, Lloyd Garrison suggests top-level meetings between labor and management, and Sir Alfred Zimmern has a few sound ideas for strengthening the judicial and executive branches of the UN. The total outlook is intelligent and optimistic.

GROUP MEDICINE & HEALTH INSURANCE IN ACTION, by Dr. Robert E. Rothenberg and Dr. Karl Pickard. \$5.00. *Crown*. This is a detailed analysis of the work of the Central Medical Group of Brooklyn, affiliated with the Health Insurance Plan of Greater New York. It covers the first two years of the operation of the plan (1947-1949), and seems to be

the first study on such a vast scale in American medical history. The authors come to the following conclusion: "It is our unreserved opinion that group medical practice, in association with complete, comprehensive, prepaid health insurance, represents the solution to the medical care problems of the public as well as the physician." In other words, they are in favor of "a compromise between the status quo and compulsory health insurance."

AUTHORITARIANISM AND THE INDIVIDUAL, by Harold Metz and C. A. H. Thomson. \$3.50. *The Brookings Institution*. A sober and sensible, though nowhere especially profound, assessment of the place of human freedom in societies other than our own. Feudalism, monarchism, Communism, fascism, national socialism, and certain types of theocracy, are given perhaps 65 pages apiece, and are discovered to prove the authors' contention that freedom flourishes where society "is organized solely to facilitate the efforts of each individual to conceive and to achieve his ends." A good primer, but not much more.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

THE CURTAIN ISN'T IRON, by Joseph C. Harsch. \$2.00. *Doubleday*. Mr. Harsch, for many years a European correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor*, proposes a "middle way" out of the cold-war deadlock lying "between war on the one hand and appeasement on the other." He favors maximum exploitation

of those divisive factors in Russia's Eastern European preserve revealed so dramatically two years ago by the Tito-Cominform break. We will never reap the fruits of Eastern Europe's potential for anti-Soviet resistance, he warns, if we follow our initial postwar policy of cultivating the ousted social classes against Communism. Instead, we must recognize that the Red régimes' social reforms are their strength, not weakness, while their greatest Achilles heel is subservience to Moscow. Therefore, our course should be to befriend any elements prepared to break with the Kremlin—including Communists—and to place less stress on both free enterprise and free political institutions. Quite possibly the counsel of wisdom and expediency, but a sad commentary on how far we have travelled from the brave days of the Atlantic Charter.

CONSTITUTIONS OF NATIONS, by Amos J. Peaslee. \$22.50. *Rumford*. The subtitle of this massive three-volume work describes it adequately: "The first compilation in the English language of the texts of the constitutions of the various nations of the world, together with summaries, annotations, bibliographies, and comparative tables." The summaries are succinct and clear, and the annotations are very helpful, in many cases bringing relevant constitutional information up-to-date. At the end there is also important data about the three Baltic states, Indonesia, and the national coats of arms. Altogether a most valuable work, indispensable to all college and public libraries. Mr. Peaslee is secretary

general of the International Bar Association, and has written extensively on problems of international law.

HISTORY

THE YANKEE EXODUS, by Stewart H. Holbrook. \$5.00. *Macmillan*. Here Mr. Holbrook reviews the vast influences which the migrant New Englanders, in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, had upon the character of the rest of the country, particularly the Middle West and Far West. A strange and most fascinating array of individuals pass through his lively pages—Moses Cleaveland, Horace Mann, Hetty Green, Luther Tibbetts, Marshall Field, Josiah Bushnell Grinnell, Lucy Stone, Timothy Dwight, and scores of others. Mr. Holbrook writes about them with great learning and contagious enthusiasm, and in a lyrical concluding chapter he urges a return back to the notions "formulated by an amazingly durable and most effective people who thought that their legs were made to stand upon." Mr. Holbrook's latest—and perhaps his best—book is the first full-length study of the New England migration. It is a contribution to history, and also makes grand reading.

THE STORY OF THE MEXICAN WAR, by Robert Selph Henry. \$4.50. *Bobbs-Merrill*. Mr. Henry argues that the Mexican War of 1846–1848 was far from being one of the most shameful pages in our history, as has long been maintained, but that it was "an inescapable and a not inglorious step in the historical process by which the United States of America was

brought to its present place in the world." He also does much to rescue President Polk from the obloquy to which older historians have relegated him. "There is no single Presidential administration in United States history with a more impressive and complete record of accomplishment — and in all these accomplishments Polk himself played a major part." The book is very well documented and enormously persuasive.

BIOGRAPHY

S. WEIR MITCHELL, *Novelist and Physician*, by Ernest Earnest. \$3.50. *Pennsylvania*. Dr. Mitchell (1829-1914) was clearly one of the most fascinating human beings in American history. A truly great physician, who made important contributions to neurology and psychiatry, and was a pioneer in psychosomatic medicine, he yet found time to write several respectable novels and to do a vast amount of administrative work in connection with medical colleges and hospitals. Dr. Earnest, who is a professor of English at Temple University, thinks that Mitchell's medical work will endure longer than his literary work. The latter is unusual and readable, but it suffers from the fact that Mitchell "never let himself go. He never wrote anything which might offend a Philadelphian." This is probably a sound judgment. It is a pity, however, that Dr. Earnest, who has a good critical mind, does not seem to be a facile writer.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ROBERT A. MILLIKAN. \$4.50. *Prentice-*

Hall. One of the greatest physicists of the past hundred years (he was awarded the Nobel Prize in physics in 1923), Dr. Millikan has done epochal work in the realm of the electron, but he has also achieved fame as a teacher and as an administrator. Now in his early eighties, he is still active as a scientist and as a public figure, and in this volume he reviews his life with warmth and gusto. As for the future, he says: "Human well-being and all human progress rest at bottom upon two pillars, the collapse of either one of which will bring down the whole structure. These two pillars are the cultivation and the dissemination throughout mankind of (1) the spirit of religion, (2) the spirit of science (or knowledge)." He does not think that science and religion are mutually antagonistic. He thinks "the two are necessarily intimately related."

MELLVILLE WESTON FULLER, by Willard L. King. \$5.00. *Macmillan*. Apparently this is the first full-length biography of the man who was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States from 1888 to 1910. According to Mr. King, a Chicago lawyer, Fuller was a very able administrator of the court's business and a good deal of a humanist, though his writing style was far from brilliant and in sheer scholarly attainments he was surpassed by several of his colleagues. "What was the source and secret of his success? It lay in his character rather than in his intellect." Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes often sided with him and always had the highest respect for him. The index is excellent.

THE OPEN FORUM



THE DEBATE ON NATUROPATHY

SIR: Let me first prove my point of medical persecution, then I shall go on from there to disprove every statement that Dr. Wassersug made pertaining to naturopathy ["The Case Against Naturopathy," May, 1950]. My proof of persecution is a letter sent out to the medical men in the field, by John W. Neal, Secretary, Committee on Medical Service and Public Relations:

"To each member of the Illinois State Medical Society: Re: Naturopathy: W. B. 110 and S. B. 141.

"Dear Doctor:

"This office is genuinely concerned about the naturopathy bills. The sponsors have obtained considerable support from the Veterans of Foreign Wars and from a number of American Legion posts. Expressions of opposition to the bills have not yet been forthcoming from the membership of this society in sufficient volume to offset the campaign which the sponsors are making. Unless the profession materially increases its efforts in the next two weeks, there is a distinct possibility that these bills will pass. A number of you have already communicated with

your state senator and representatives concerning these bills. Those of you who have not done so we strongly urge to write, wire or telephone your senator and three representatives immediately. Letters and telegrams should be addressed to them at the State Capitol Building, Springfield. Many of our legislators report that they have heard little or nothing in opposition to the bills from the medical men in their districts. These are extremely dangerous bills. The definition of naturopathy which they contain is so broad that it could easily be construed to permit naturopaths to use both drugs and surgery without limitation. The bills also contain a generous "grandfather's clause" which would permit an unknown number of poorly trained naturopaths to obtain a license through a perfunctory examination. They would exempt naturopathy from the provision of our Medical Practice Act, and place it under a board of five naturopaths. Passage of these bills could easily result in the ultimate breakdown of the effective regulation of the healing arts in Illinois. Time is short, and our battle is by no

means won. Your state legislators want to hear from you. Unless you make your views known to them, they will have no valid reason for not voting for the bills."

I sincerely hope that this letter, coming direct from medical headquarters, will convince the public regarding medical persecutions.

Now let us take a look at the "stunted naturopathic tree, a grafted pine, whose branches are withered," and see if it is a "sickly green" as described by Dr. Wassersug. Consider the report of the Bernard M. Baruch Committee investigating drugless health methods. At long last, the biological and health restoring merits of natural methods of treatment, developed mainly by the drugless professions, have passed the rigid test of scientific investigation and received the stamp of authoritative approval. This committee was headed by Ray Lyman Wilbur, M.D., of Stanford University. Of course, it dealt with "physical medicine," which is a medically-coined expression for naturopathy. The salient facts uncovered by the committee were summed up by Dr. Wilbur as follows:

"This new physiology, with the help of physics, has taught us many ways to deal with the human body that were only dreamed of a decade ago by us, but successfully pursued by those of the irregular schools [meaning drugless colleges]. These treatments make use of heat, cold, water, electricity, diet and specified manipulations. Such methods bring biological responses more potent than many drugs gathered through centuries by trial and error. The medical profession will profit by recognizing

this concept and must insist that the school promptly mold their instructions to conform with the knowledge of such mechanics."

Had it not been for the scientific natural therapeutic work of the naturopaths during the past fifty years, the Baruch committee would have found nothing in the way of evidence conclusive enough to convince such a hard-boiled committee that natural healing could deliver the cures. The committee's report, since it came from the medical side of the question, should convince our people as well as the prejudiced medical men, that Nature's Remedies are the best. It is my personal belief, had the committee consisted of 200 naturopaths and 200 medical doctors, greater knowledge would have come out of the whole investigation. Only ignorance and big drug cartels keep medicine alive in this day and age of scientific progress. The old stunted, naturopathic tree with its withered limbs and sickly green color has taken on a glorious sunrise color since the Baruch investigation. Now let me add a few more brilliant pigments to our glorious sunrise to complete the naturopathic picture, and to discredit everything that Dr. Wassersug said.

Institutes for crippled children practically all over the world use some form of naturopathic remedies, such as occupational therapy, heat lamps, ultraviolet, massage, air-baths, sun-baths, exercise, and mental gymnastics. The Kenny method for the treatment of polio is a naturopathic one, and has taken the world by storm, and is, incidentally, the most successful treatment in cases of

polio. The Tasmanian method for the treatment of infantile paralysis, brought to this country by me many years ago, is also naturopathic. Witness the thousands of sick, arthritic, and syphilitic who pilgrimage to the hot springs to get relief from their pains, aches, and bodily toxins, after medicine has failed them.

During World War II, the United States Government employed hundreds of "physical therapy" technicians to take care of wounded and sick soldiers. Physical therapy is another name for naturopathy. Nevertheless, it played a vital part in getting thousands of our boys back onto their feet again.

If atmospheric bacteria bring about disease as claimed by the medical profession, then why is it millions of Indians, Moslems, Sikhs, etc., bathe daily in the filthy Ganges river, a river teeming with billions of germs, where decomposing bodies are washed, placed on pyres, burned, and the ashes thrown into the Ganges? Young married couples walk five hundred miles to bathe in the Ganges and drink the germ-laden water, in order that their lives be fertile. To my knowledge, there has never been a serious epidemic outbreak of any disease. Sanitation and hygiene, not vaccination, have eliminated smallpox epidemics. Immunization by vaccines is pure medical bunk. God and Nature gave us vitamins, minerals, carbohydrates, proteins, hydrocarbons, etc., thousands of years in advance of medicine, and yet medicine takes all the honors for discovering something that was there when the world first began. There is no money to be made in prescribing foods, but

there is plenty in the synthetic vitamin racket. It took the naturopaths, and their determination, to re-educate the public on the value of natural foods, the only real medicine in existence.

I have used unpasteurized milk for almost thirty years with outstanding success. I have yet to live to see raw milk bring on a typhoid epidemic. Where medicine has failed I have made cures with the exclusive raw-milk diet in hundreds of supposedly incurable cases. I am openly opposed to the practice of vaccination, for I have seen sickness, disease, paralysis, and death caused by vaccines. Witness the case of Marjorie Lawrence, the Australian Wagnerian operatic star, who was paralyzed by vaccination. Her health was 100 per cent until the vaccination—a magnificent career thrown into the vaccine pot. Were it not for the common enema used in the hospitals, thousands more would be carried out on their backs. I have before me four books written by medical doctors on colon irrigations, and I could quote for hours on end what these men have to say about the wonders of this new natural therapeutic method of detoxifying the colon. It is far superior to anything in medical science.

Dr. D. L. Edsall, former dean of the Harvard Medical School, said, "I was, for a period, professor of therapeutics and pharmacology, and I know from experience that students were obliged, then, by me and by others to learn about an interminable number of drugs, many of which were useless, some probably even harmful, some others relatively valueless."

I will give a thousand dollars to any charitable institute, named by THE AMERICAN MERCURY, if I fail to prove any statement that I made pertaining to naturopathic cures, either in the past or present. Further, I challenge medicine to come out in the open and prove that naturopathic methods are not superior to those of allopathy.

Dr. Wassersug's expressions regarding colon irrigation are most primitive and childlike, because modern methods of colon irrigation are carried out by the use of scientific instruments and not with colon tube as stated by him.

DR. ROBERT A. WOOD

Chicago, Ill.

SIR: In these days of widespread advocacy of tolerance, anyone who cries "persecution" is likely to find some sympathetic ears. "Persecution" can, however, be a much-abused word. Does the arsonist cry "persecution" because fire-laws are stringent? Wherever swindlers and knaves are detected, they are either jailed or run out of town.

The opposition of medicine to naturopathy is "persecution" of the same sort. Doctors, like other good citizens, do not want the lives of their families, patients or friends endangered by frauds and quacks. If anything, doctors as a whole are not vigorously enough cleaning out the health menace that naturopathy represents. Unfit motor vehicles are removed by law from the highways, rickety buildings are torn down by ordinance when lives are jeopardized and dirty restaurants are padlocked to protect the public health. Reckless drivers are

"persecuted," unscrupulous landlords are "persecuted," typhoid carriers are "persecuted," and naturopaths, whose potential for damaging the nation's health is infinitely greater, are also "persecuted." It is only regrettable that this persecution is not as thorough as it should be.

By an ingenious juxtaposition of terms, "physical medicine" and "naturopathy" are equated by Wood as being synonymous and having identical worth. This verbal hoax is, of course, so apparent that it will not fool anyone. *Physical medicine* and *naturopathy* are not the same! Physical medicine is the latest (and perhaps the last) straw that naturopaths are trying to grasp in an effort to obtain some *raison d'être*. Physical medicine, unlike naturopathy, realizes that some pills, tablets and injections play a valuable role in restoring health to the sick. Physical medicine does not condemn the use of vaccines. Physical medicine, unlike naturopathy, has a healthy respect for germs and it relies on some very *unnatural* methods for restoring health such as the injection of cyclotron-manufactured radio-active chemical compounds that are nowhere to be found in nature. Physical medicine is a legitimate *branch* of medicine, not a fantastic cult. Neither Dr. Simon Baruch nor his illustrious son nor Dr. R. L. Wilbur has ever confused physical medicine with naturopathy.

I am delighted to have Wood take the "filthy Ganges river" as an example of the harmlessness of bathing in polluted streams. "To my knowledge," he says, "there has never been a serious epidemic outbreak of any disease." This is a con-

ATLANTIC CITY

Jefferson

AMERICAN PLAN

- **PLANTATION ROOM** •

Cocktail Lounge & Grille
NEW AUDITORIUM
COFFEE SHOP • SODA BAR

MONTICELLO

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLANS

- **Coach-and-Four** •

Cocktail Lounge

BOSCOBEL

EUROPEAN PLAN
ATLANTIC CITY'S POPULAR
PRICE FAMILY HOTEL

KENTUCKY AVE., Nr. Beach

FETTER FAMILY HOTELS IN

SPECIAL

BINDER OFFER

Because of the large number of reader requests, **THE AMERICAN MERCURY** has now procured a supply of strong, handsome binders for your copies of **THE AMERICAN MERCURY**. Each binder holds one complete volume — that is, six issues of the magazine. It is easy to use, handy, convenient, and economical. The price is \$1.00 postpaid. Send your order and remittance to: Special Binder Dept., **THE AMERICAN MERCURY**, 570 Lexington Ave., New York 22, New York.

fession of ignorance that surpasses belief and it is illustrative of what might happen to all of us if these cultists were given freer reign. Doctor Wood should be told that the death rate from infectious diseases in India is so high as to constitute disgrace among modern nations. He should be told the *cholera* is endemic in India and that world-wide epidemics of the disease have started on the banks of the Ganges. To quote from Zinsser's textbook of bacteriology, "In 1891 another great epidemic, originating in India, . . . started on the occasion of a bathing festival held on the Ganges. It spread among pilgrims and reached Europe in 1892, appearing with particular virulence in Hamburg. From there it spread to America and Africa by ocean commerce. During this epidemic it is said that 800,000 people fell victims in Russia alone." Modern medical visitors to India shrink with abhorrence at the promiscuous spread of infection that emanates from the Ganges. Would Dr. Wood like to bring these sights to the banks of the Mississippi so that his *knowledge* of the facts might be obtained at first hand? Apparently medical history is unavailable to him.

"Sanitation and hygiene," says Dr. Wood, "not vaccination have eliminated smallpox epidemics." Consider the town of Middleboro, Mass., in 1929 with its population of about 9000 persons. Early that year a few cases of smallpox appeared in town but the diagnosis was first confused with chicken pox although most of the cases were in adults. By April, 223 cases were reported and compulsory vaccination was ordered. On April 25, four clinics were set up in town and the population immunized. The epidemic

stopped abruptly. Since the population of Middleboro is a fairly homogeneous one and since the sanitation and hygiene of the town was common to all and unaltered during the epidemic, it obviously had nothing to do with the spread or stop of the smallpox epidemic. The only difference in town between those who got smallpox and those that didn't depended on one word — *vaccination*. Those that were vaccinated did not get the disease. I have chosen Middleboro as my example because of my personal familiarity with the locale, but the course of events depicted has occurred at many other times and many other places. How much of a skeptic can Dr. Wood be? Must he acquire a disease personally before he is ready to accept the belief that it exists?

Anyone who denies the existence of cholera along the Ganges and the prophylactic value of vaccination is acutely blind to the facts and would, of necessity, be unable to see that raw milk might carry typhoid or TB germs. A mental or physical barrier of this type cannot be penetrated by logic or science. It is only motivated by wishful thinking. Fortunately, today, most laymen are better informed about medical matters than the naturopathic dreamers and they will, with organized medicine, prevent them from putting a strangle-hold on our health.

As to Dr. Wood's case reports, who can take them seriously? When my four-year-old son rushes home to declare that he shot fourteen Indians with his toy revolver, I nod my head and smile. I do not ask for the death certificates.

JOSEPH D. WASSERSUG, M.D.
Quincy, Mass.

THE LITERARY BAZAAR

**FIRST EDITIONS • RARE BOOKS
AUTOGRAPHS • LITERARY SERVICES**

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

THE OLDEST WRITERS' SERVICE. Literary Agent, established 25 years. Manuscripts criticised, revised, typed, marketed. Special attention to Book manuscripts, Poetry. Catalogue on request.

AGNES M. REEVE Dept. M, Franklin, Ohio

SUCCESSFUL LITERARY AGENTS 30 years. We sell short stories, articles, books, radio scripts, plays. Verse also considered. Effective analysis, criticism for new writers. Personal representation for established authors. For information, references, write **ANITA DIAMANT**, The Writers' Workshop, Inc., 280 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

OUT-OF-PRINT

WE SPECIALIZE and are successful in finding promptly the "Out-of-Print" or "Hard-to-Find" books which you particularly desire. Please write us stating "Wants." No obligation.

THE SEVEN BOOK-HUNTERS
Station O, Box 22 New York 11, N. Y.

GENERAL

ATHEIST BOOKS. 32-page catalogue free. Truth Seeker Co., 38 Park Row, New York 8, N. Y.

COIN COLLECTORS — Read "The Numismatist." Published monthly. News, illustrated feature articles on coins and medals. Sample copy 50¢. American Numismatic Association. P.O. Box 577, Wichita, Kansas.

NEUROTICA 6 presents: "The Fear of Touch" by Theo. Reik; "Gentleman's Sexual Agreement (the homosexual conspiracy)"; "Report from the Asylum"; Always lively, authoritative reading in **NEUROTICA**. \$2 (4 issues) **NEUROTICA**, 143 West 53 St., New York City.

Bound Volumes of **THE AMERICAN MERCURY** from January, 1924 to August, 1936 (large size, four issues to a volume) \$3.00 each (value \$4.50). Bound volumes from January, 1937 to December, 1943 (digest size, six issues to a volume) \$2.00 (value \$3.50). Most of these magazines are bound in buckram, and some have imported Batik papers added on the sides. Send order and remittance to Jean Jay, **THE AMERICAN MERCURY**, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York 22.



FAST-PACED STORIES FOR READING ENJOYMENT

Presented by

American Mercury Publications

PUBLISHERS OF ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE

A Mercury Mystery

A NEW ONE ON THE 1ST OF EVERY MONTH

Now on Sale: HAMPTON STONE'S

THE GIRL WITH THE HOLE IN HER HEAD

To begin with, the girl really had a hole in her head. The hole was hidden by a plate beneath her hair, but still Ellen Bannock was considered eccentric. So when she told of the threatening letters received by her brother, Gibby and Mac, two Assistant D. A.'s, listened skeptically. In her home, however, they began to think differently, for Ellen Bannock's family was enough to make anyone eccentric — one brother an alcoholic, the other a sadist, and their guest a sculptor obsessed with death. Gibby realized the letters must be the work of one of these people, and he was not surprised when the first death came. . . . 35¢ at your newsstand

Jonathan Press Mystery

A NEW ONE ON THE 20TH OF ALTERNATE MONTHS

Now on Sale: CHARLES MARQUIS WARREN'S DEADHEAD

In the morning Sylvester, a plump, hard-voiced man, bailed him out. There was a girl, too, and she and Sylvester called him "Honey," though their tones were not endearing. He didn't know them, but he had no choice, for his memory went back only to the night before, when he'd found himself on a snowy street that he'd never seen before, his face battered and his head aching terribly. Sylvester and the girl took him now to the hotel, and there Benelli, lean as a hawk, and his gunmen demanded a quarter of a million dollars from the man with the agonized head. . . . 35¢ at your newsstand

Bestseller Mystery

A NEW ONE ON THE 15TH OF EVERY MONTH

Now on Sale: JOHN P. MARQUAND'S

THINK FAST, MR. MOTO

Young Wilson Hitchings came to Honolulu to deal with an adventure. Eva Hitchings, a black sheep, had thumbed her nose at Hitchings Brothers, an old banking house in the Orient, and ran a gambling house in Hawaii, which she called Hitchings Plantation. Wilson had expected to meet a hard woman, but found that Eva was young and lovely, if stubborn. But he was startled when Mr. Moto, the Japanese secret agent, appeared on the scene, followed by bullets and poisoned whiskey. Wilson Hitchings realized that Mr. Moto was not interested in just an illegal gambling house — the stakes were bigger and more deadly. . . . 35¢ at your newsstand

THE MAGAZINE OF *Fantasy and Science-Fiction*

A QUARTERLY

Here are outstanding stories, new and old, of the weird, the awful, the delightfully unbelievable. FANTASY is edited by famed authors Anthony Boucher and J. Francis McComas. In the current issue:

The Star Ducks. BILL BROWN
A Room in a House. AUGUST DERLETH
Just a Matter of Time. ROGER ANGELL
The Silly Season. C. M. KORNBLUTH
The Traitor. JAMES S. HART
Pamela Pays the Piper

PHYLLIS LEE PETERSON

Plus many more by other masters of the craft. 35¢ at your newsstand. By subscription \$4 for 12 issues. FANTASY: 570 Lexington Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

MORE THAN 50 MILLION BOOKS AND MAGAZINES SOLD TO ENTHUSIASTIC READERS